FEBRUARY, 1900.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The attention of American classical scholars is especially called at this time to Professor Wölfflin, the successor of Halm in the chair of Classical Philology at Munich, because of the announcement that the present year witnesses his seventieth birthday, an occasion which his pupils and friends intend to make memorable by a recognition of his Jubiläum with some appropriate act, which will show not only their appreciation of his scholarly attainments and achievements, but also of their affection for the man whom students of the classics delight to honour. This suggestion, originating with Dr. Oskar Hey, his secretary, and with others immediately associated with him, is now made known to the scholars of this country, and they are called upon to unite with their brethren in Germany in collecting a fund which will allow the carrying out of the project in a suitable manner. The plan suggested has met with the hearty indorsement of such scholars as Professor John C. Rolfe, of the University of Michigan, from whom further and more detailed information may be secured.

The great Latin lexicon, *Thesaurus,* which was described in THE BOOKMAN of November, 1897, and with which the name of Wölfflin is as closely linked as that of Mommsen is with the *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions, has now reached such a stage as to justify the statement, that the beginning of the completion of the work is at hand. The material has been gathered in Munich, and has been placed in the hands of Dr. Fr. Vollmer, the editor of Statius's *Silvae,* who is a pupil of Bücheler. The control and direction of the editorial work have been entrusted to this able scholar by the former editorial board, Professors Wölfflin, Leo and

Eduard Wölfflin.

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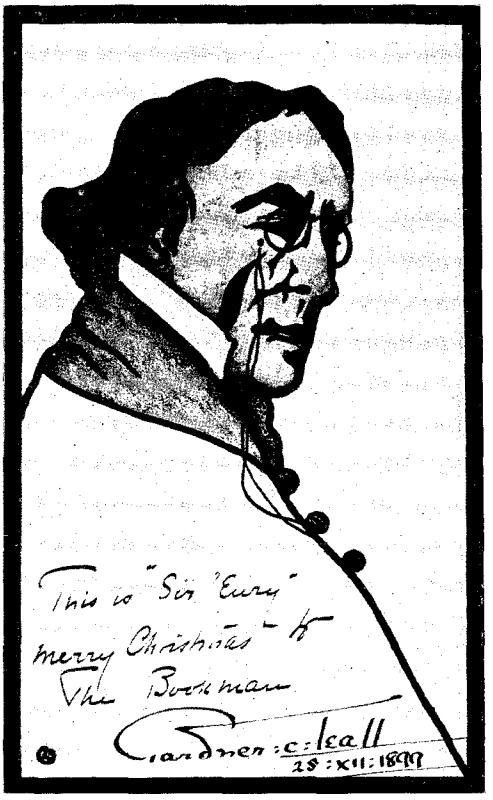

Bücheler, so that the only superior authority is the *Thesaurus* Commission of five members representing the learned academies. Dr. Oskar Hey, assigned to this work by the Bavarian Government, is the secretary, and therefore second in authority to Dr. Vollmer, who is also assisted at the present time by eight learned associates. The commission has determined upon a complete revision of all the material gathered even of that which has already appeared in the *Archiv für Lateinsch Lexikographie und Grammatik,* and, contrary to the original plan, no slips, such as the Archiv-slips, will be spread abroad for outside study and assistance, but the *Thesaurus* will be prepared wholly by the *Thesaurus* Bureau, and under the immediate supervision of the publishing commission.

A new writer whose work has been much talked about during the last few months in England is Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, whose photograph we herewith present to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. Her personal history is of exceptional interest. She is the daughter of Mr. Edward Bonham, the late English Consul at Calais, and was born at Naples, where her grandfather, Mr. Edward Walter Bonham, C.B., was Consul-General for many years. She is also a granddaughter of General Sir Henry Floyd, Bart., whose sister married the great Sir Robert Peel. In 1887 she married Mr. Henry de la Pasture, third son of the late Count de la Pasture, whose father escaped the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, and took refuge in Monmouthshire, where Mr. and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture have just become owners of a beautiful property on the River Wye, at Llandogo.

Mrs. de la Pasture is well known as an amateur actress, especially in the West of England, where she wrote her novel, *Deborah of Tod's,* from six summers' experience of life in a Devonshire cottage. She is also devotedly fond of cricket, and is a member of the White Heather and Southdown Ladies' cricket clubs. She has loved scribbling from her earliest childhood, and is the author of one or two children's books, but early determined never to publish a novel until she had attained the age of thirty years. Mrs. de la Pasture is the mother of two little girls, and her only brother, Lieutenant Bonham, is now with the Second Devonshire Regiment in South Africa.

Among the holiday greetings for which THE BOOKMAN wishes to return many thanks is the accompanying clever and characteristic sketch by Mr. Gardner Teall.

We learn that the novel upon which Mr. Anthony Hope-Hawkins is now engaged is to be called *Quisante.* It will appear next autumn. We reproduce herewith Mr. Hawkins's latest photograph.

While any book that Mr. Hope-Hawkins may write is reasonably sure of attracting a certain amount of attention, he has yet to vindicate himself of the charge that he is a man of one book. *Phroso, The King's Mirror* and *The Heart of Princess Osra* were only readable romances, while *Rupert of Hentzau*

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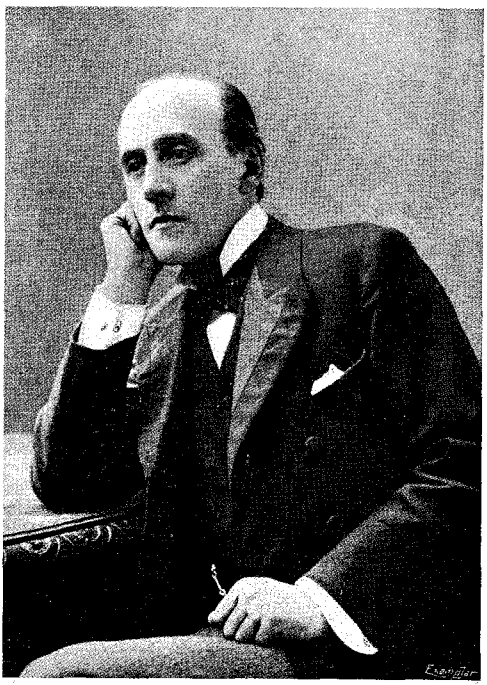
must be discarded entirely if we wish seriously to consider its precursor, *The Prisoner of Zenda.* That book, while possessing none of the qualities which go to make a great story, conveyed a charm which makes all the more to be regretted its almost certain oblivion twenty or thirty years hence. We do not agree with those who find in the theme proper of *The Prisoner of Zenda* evidence of striking originality. On the contrary, the initial idea itself is one which comes at some time or other to every man of any imagination, and which has been made of frequent use in literature. In *A Man of Mark,* his first book, published at his own expense, Mr. Hope-Hawkins himself gave us with an immense variety of detail a purely imaginary South American republic. But while sprung from the same source, an imaginary kingdom in the heart of Continental Europe was a vastly different matter. To find a Don Quixote in the West End of London and to send him with "luggage" out in a first-class railway carriage to do battle with windmills, and to make people while reading believe implicitly in the man, the deed and the environment, is surely no small achievement.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE.



ANTHONY HOPE-HAWKINS.

In the construction of his romantic heroes Mr. Hope-Hawkins has shown a knowledge of popular taste worthy of a great journalist. They are in almost direct descent from the heroes of the elder Dumas, and have, in turn, been responsible for a type of the heroic which is very widespread in fiction and on the stage. Rudolph Rassendyl is a reincarnation of Athos, Comte de la Fère, plastered over with the thin veneer of Berkeley Square—Leicester Square cynicism. His women are in a way unique. Coquetry is their dominant trait. They test their powers and attractions impartially on the rugged men at arms of Strelsau and the rouged and padded dandies of Piccadilly and Hyde Park. In his treatment the author shows a drawing-room formality. His women at times do not seem English at all. He has drawn strong inspiration from the verse of Austin Dobson, and despite environment his heroines belonged to the eighteenth-century court at Marli or Versailles.

At a time when so many readers take their fiction quite seriously—as fiction should properly be taken—it is odd that

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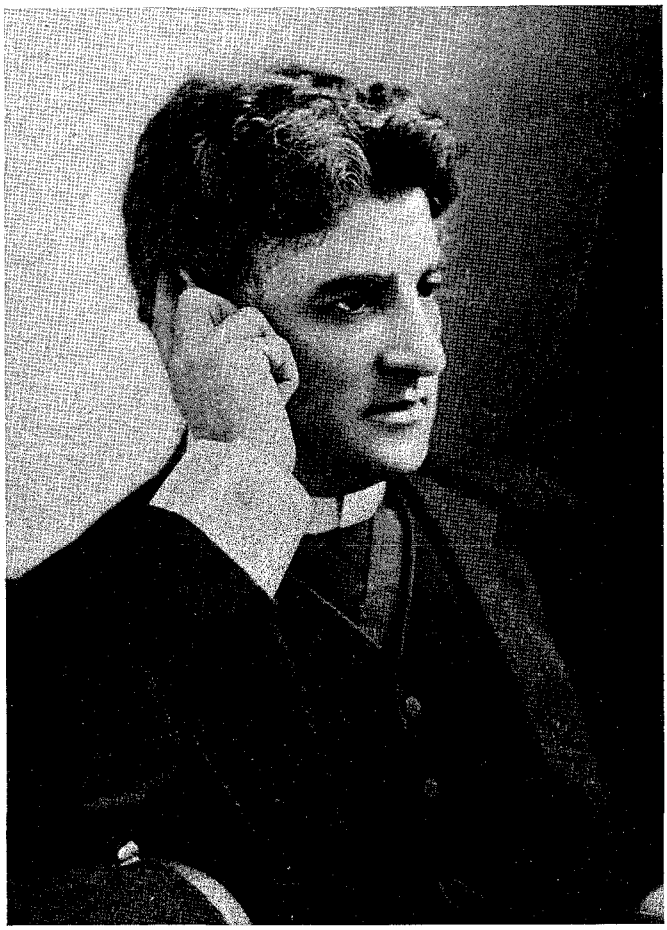

DAVID BELASCO.

no one has written about the royal family of Mr. Hope-Hawkins's kingdom of Ruritania, from the pathological standpoint. In the blood of the Elphbergs there is a touch of insanity, which crops out in the "Lion" of *The Heart of Princess Osra* as it does hundreds of years later in that Rudolph who is imprisoned by Black Michael under the moat of the castle of Zenda. There is not one of them but is queer, and most of them do and say things which would send the ordinary mortal to the *maison de santé*. They pass swiftly from transports of rage to hoots of laughter. Theirs is a strange and incomprehensible sense of humour; they laugh when we expect them to curse, and blaspheme at what in others would provoke mirth. But this madness is very closely allied to genius.

The successful production of *Naughty Anthony*, Mr. Belasco's new farcical piece, is an event of much greater importance to the American profession of letters than appears on the surface. The fact that Mr. Belasco, who has been known previously as a writer of serious or emotional plays, should have proved himself capable of applying his talents with equal success to the delineation of humorous characters and incidents is in itself a circumstance that is certain to claim the attention of those who are ambitious to write plays and not too proud to learn how to do it. These can well afford to see *Naughty Anthony* half a dozen times in order that they may learn something of the art of dramatic construction, and at the same time gain some knowledge of the relative importance of plot as compared with characterisation and dialogue. It is safe to say that there is not a literary man or woman in America who has not at some time or other written a play, and, if a careful census of the whole profession of letters could be taken, it would probably result in unearthing an average of four plays to each writer. That very few of these plays have succeeded is due to many causes, chief among which is the carefully cherished delusion that what people say on the stage is of far more importance than what they do. Bronson Howard, who was a writer long before he became a dramatist, once remarked that so long as he *wrote* plays they never succeeded, and that it was not until he began to *build* them that they did. And Mr. Bronson Howard is one of the very few men in this country who have thoroughly mastered the craft of dramatic construction. It is a craft that is especially worthy of study just now; for the indications are

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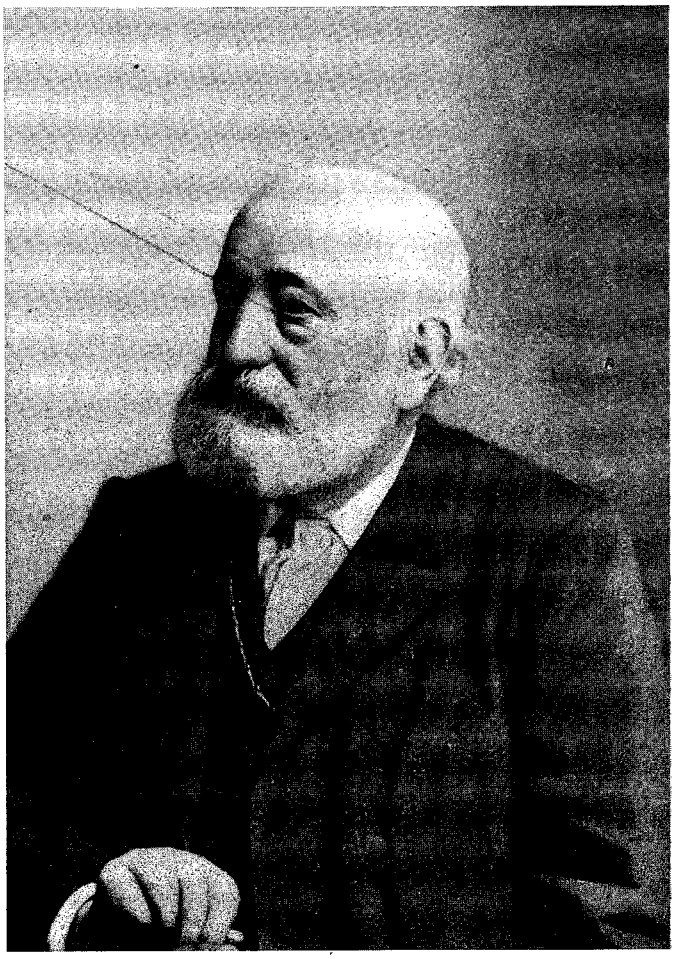
that the immediate future will see the American dramatist—who was an object of ridicule twenty years ago — a very prosperous and much-envied being. The speculative managers of the country have already become alarmed at the prospective foreign play famine; for the production in London and Paris so far this season has been pitifully meagre, and the indications of material increase far from satisfying. This means that the coming season in this country is likely to give the native dramatists a far better chance than they have enjoyed for many a year, and if a few of them prove clever enough to answer the demand with good material the entire profession of letters is certain to be the gainer.



BERNARD QUARITCH.

It is for this reason that the success of *Naughty Anthony* is a matter of grave importance to native writers. Mr. Belasco's chief motive in writing the play and producing it at his own risk instead of accepting Mr. Frohman's offer of partnership was to obtain money with which to make new productions. The profit of a successful play is enormous, and it is his hope that two or three more productions will give him money enough to carry out his long-cherished idea of a New York theatre, to be devoted to productions, in the very best possible style, of the best plays that he can find either in this country or abroad. And it is well known that at present Mr. Belasco sees but little promise in either France or England. The theory that he will devote himself exclusively to the production of his own plays is absurd, as it usually takes him nearly two years to write a play; and if he were to undertake, in addition to his present work, the cares of theatrical management, his output would be reduced to about one play in half a dozen years. In truth, the beginning of the year 1900 gives our native dramatists greater cause for hope and rejoicing than has been offered them since the passing of the old Park Theatre in City Hall Square.

In connection with the article elsewhere in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN, the following paragraph about the late Bernard Quaritch in the *Saturday Review* is of considerable interest:

Mr. Bernard Quaritch, as most people interested in rare books are aware, was a unique personality. Only Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" could adequately describe his knowledge of most things printed. Probably no one

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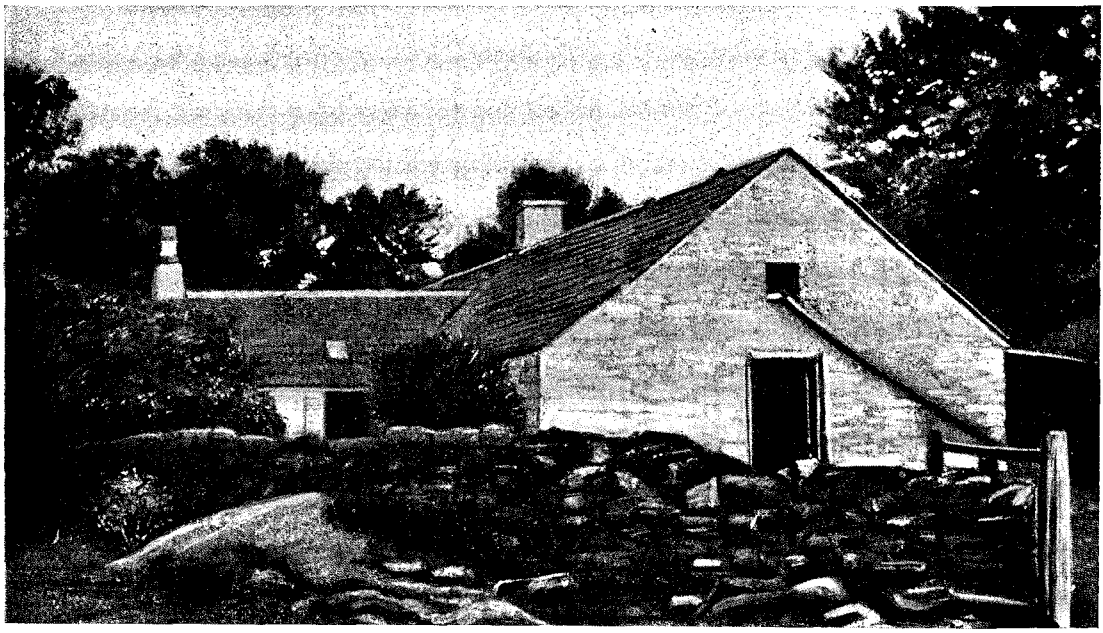
BANK HOUSE, MR. CROCKETT'S HOME AT PENICUIK.

gauged his genius better than he gauged it himself. He loved to remember that when, soon after his arrival in London, he was engaged by Mr. Bohn at 24s. a week, he said: "You, sir, are the first bookseller in England. I intend to be the first bookseller in Europe." He was quite convinced that Mr. Gladstone found special personal gratification in being associated with him in the publication of some Greek and Latin translations. On one occasion he astonished the late Sir Salar Jung by producing forty-five manuscript copies of the Korân—a feat which he claimed an Eastern bookseller could hardly rival. He kept a special place in his heart for *Gil Blas*. Frank himself to the point of bluntness in his expression of opinion, he yet accepted as a masterpiece in diplomatic education the story of the Bishop of Granada's secretary, who was to listen to his master's sermons that he might tell him whenever he noticed any falling off in their quality, and who on the first occasion that he ventured on criticism received his *congé* for stupidity. The moral was never lost on Mr. Quaritch in his sixty odd years of bibliophile activity.

The English publishers of *Kit Kennedy*, in describing it as "Mr. Crockett's *David Copperfield*," may have been guilty of misleading the public, but at least they gave a hint of autobiography which is certainly there. We have good authority for stating that the portion of the narrative which describes Kit's life in Edinburgh is largely autobiographical, and readers of those delightful pages may feel that they have been following Mr. Crockett through reminiscences of his own university career—not the least important and interesting part of the book, when we remember that the romance of Edinburgh University life of



DRUMBECK, THE HOME OF THE STICKIT MINISTER.

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those days is yet to be written. Perhaps Mr. Barrie may give us a novel with this theme one of these days. Mr. Crockett, by the way, like Mr. Barrie, regarded Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, as his favourite preacher, and both men still retain the warm friendship of this eminent clergyman. Mr. Crockett declares that he owes more to Dr. Whyte than to any other man, except, perhaps, his cousin Robert, the prototype of his famous *Stickit Minister.*

H. SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS DAUGHTER YADVÍGA.

Mr. Crockett's first great success, *The Raiders,* was published in 1894, and since then he has written about twenty volumes. Yet the latest of his romances, *Joan of the Sword,* just concluded as a serial, shows the same rich resource, the same imaginative power, although the scenes and period of the books are widely separated. Curiously enough, the first sketch of Cleg Kelly appeared in a Sunday-school publication, and the book entitled *The Stickit Minister* grew out of stories about *Ministers of Our Countryside,* printed in the columns of *The Christian Leader* in the early nineties.

Mr. Crockett has been fortunate in his friendships. He met and conversed frequently with Gladstone; he carried on a most interesting correspondence with Whittier, only terminated by the death of the poet; the delightful letter in the Stevenson collection, recently published, is only a selection from a long series of letters that passed between the two distinguished writers. Mr. Ruskin has been a warm admirer ever since *The Raiders* appeared, and each new novel of Mr. Crockett's has to be read aloud to him as it is published. In Mr. Ruskin the author of *The Raiders* has one of his kindest and warmest friends. The Earl of Rosebery is another of Mr. Crockett's ardent admirers, and it was as his guest at Dalmeny last autumn that Mr. Crockett met Lord Kitchener, and was told by him that before going to sleep on the night preceding the battle of Omdurman he had read *The Grey Man.*

Unlike most literary men, London life has few attractions for Mr. Crockett, and he lives a simple, healthy, wholesome life in his northern home at Bank House, Penicuik, near Edinburgh. Like Mr. George Meredith, he does all his writing in a little châlet or cottage, not far from Bank House. He is an early riser, beginning work usually at four o'clock in the morning, and rarely writing after nine. For over eight years (1886-1895) Mr. Crockett was a minister of the Free Church in Penicuik, and to those who have too freely criticised his resignation from the ministry to de-

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VANCE THOMPSON.

vote all his time to literature, it may be said that both people and pastor held themselves in such affection and agreement that Mr. Crockett has chosen to remain among his former parishioners to this day.

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Mr. Vance Thompson, whose portrait we herewith present, is one of the most interesting and eccentric of the young American writers of the day. He was born in 1862 and entered Princeton in the class of 1883. Soon after leaving college he drifted into newspaper work, and was for some years connected with the *Mail and Express* and the *Commercial Advertiser*. He was the editor of that startling fortnightly, *Mlle. New York*, during its brief but meteoric career. At present he is in Paris as a correspondent for several American periodicals. A review of his new book, *French Portraits*, will be found elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

❧

The first half of M. Sienkiewicz's new historical romance, *The Knights of the Cross*, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. This work, which has been running as a serial in Poland, takes us back to the atmosphere of *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge* and *Pan Michael*. The author is still at work on the second half. *The Knights of the Cross* comes to English and American readers as usual through the medium of Jeremiah Curtin's translation.

❧

Despite the welcome which was accorded *Quo Vadis* and M. Sienkiewicz's later stories, his return to the romance of the history of Poland is an event of signal interest. It was while writing of this theme that he gave us the characters of Pan Michael, Kmita, and, above all, the incomparable Zagloba. All the pageantry and pomp of his descriptions of imperial Rome pale beside the many-sidedness, the wit, the strategy of the one-eyed noble. "The only books that are to

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be compared with Dumas's series of the Musketeers of Louis XIII.," one often hears, and certainly Zagloba and D'Artagnan are two great masculine creations which belong to the readers of all the world rather than to any one language or epoch.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

Sienkiewicz's student days were passed at the University of Warsaw at a time when Poland was in a critical period of her history. The city of Warsaw itself had been identified with nearly every national movement against Russia, and the most severe measures had been adopted for the denationalisation of the Pole. At the University the native tongue was forbidden. The atmosphere of suspicion which permeated the land culminated in the Reign of Terror of 1863, which resulted in the shedding of much blood, in the loss of many fortunes and in endless banishments. At the age of twenty-two, after he had left the University, he began a gypsy life, which led him to every corner of Poland. To this period of his career he owes the wonderful knowledge of his native land, which is so striking a feature of his historical novels. From Poland he drifted to Russia, at one time editing a newspaper in St. Petersburg.

In 1877, while in Paris, he became deeply interested in the scheme to found in America a Polish Commonwealth of expatriated artists and musicians. This fraternity, which was reduced to a mere handful of enthusiasts, among them Helena Modjeska, settled near Los Angeles, California, and called their settlement Anno Luni. After the failure of the colony, Sienkiewicz returned to Poland, and in 1880 began his great series of historical novels. *Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael* were first given to the world in a Warsaw journal, translations appearing simultaneously at Berlin and Vienna. These books were the result of eight years' continuous labour. At the present time he spends his winters in Warsaw and his summers in travel. His wife died many years ago, but he has two children, Henryk, a boy of seventeen, and Yadviga, a girl of fifteen. We reproduce herewith a recent portrait of M. Sienkiewicz and his daughter.

In connection with the war in South Africa a literary figure of striking contemporary interest is Olive Schreiner, who was one of the band of refugees who forsook the Transvaal for Cape Town on the outbreak of hostilities. But while among them she could hardly be consid-

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ered of them, for her sympathy with the Boers in the present struggle has never been a matter of doubt.

Trooper Peter Halket was perhaps the earliest published expression of her intense feeling on the situation in South Africa. To the American reader who considered this book casually, it conveyed little or no meaning. As a work of fiction it lacked much of the power and charm of *The Story of an African Farm.* But to the English and the South Africans of imperial prejudices it had a significance far beyond its value as a bit of rather ineffectual fiction. The friends

COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE.

and supporters of the Honourable Cecil Rhodes regarded the book as an unjustifiable and unpardonable personal attack. On the other hand, Mrs. Schreiner's friends found it a splendid and fearless work, and freely quoted Mrs. Humphry Ward as saying that *Trooper Peter Halket* was as great a story as *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* "the difference being that one was addressed to the minority while the other was addressed to the majority."

The latest expression of Mrs. Schreiner's opinion on South African matters is the pamphlet giving "an English woman's" views of the crisis. This pamphlet is an eloquent appeal rather than a logical statement. It has been coldly, not to say scoffingly, received in England and in English South Africa. Mrs. Schreiner's right to look and to judge from the English standpoint is repudiated on the ground of her German origin and of her Dutch traditions and associations. What her friends describe as a "cosmic indignation" her opponents brand as nothing less than downright treason. It is quite true that much of Olive Schreiner's life has been passed among the Boers. She was living as a governess in a Boer family at the time of writing *The Story of an African Farm,* a book which is said to embody much of her own personal experience. Her room at that time had no other floor than the bare earth, which had not even the glaze given by a coat of bullock's blood, which is considered the proper thing by the Boer housewife.

Her keen interest in the Transvaal's political troubles seems to have paralysed for the time being Mrs. Schreiner's creative power. It is said that she had begun a novel which was to deal with a free woman, a woman unafraid, a woman who dares live her own life. Of this book her friends speak with an impressive reticence. At present, however, it is laid to one side to be resumed in more peaceful times.

There is a curious and rather amusing bit of scandal in connection with Mrs. Schreiner's implacable hatred for Mr. Cecil Rhodes. It has been said and practically avowed by those most intimate with her that Mrs. Schreiner cherished for a long time an infatuation for the arch woman-hater. This admiration in a less violent form was shared by the other members of her family, but of them her mother alone remains unchanged. It is related that from the first money which she earned from *Trooper Peter Halket* Olive Schreiner sent twenty pounds to her mother, who immediately forwarded it to the Cecil Rhodes Fund. We reproduce herewith Mrs. Schreiner's latest photograph.

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Count Tolstoy's health, which of late has been such as to cause genuine alarm, is reported to be considerably improved. He has left his bed and resumed his ordinary occupations. We reproduce herewith a characteristic photograph of Count Tolstoy and his wife, and a few lines of his manuscript.

Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold,* which has been running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly,* will be published in book form the middle of this month. This novel, dealing with the Jamestown settlement, bids fair to rival in success Miss Johnston's much-discussed *Prisoners of Hope.*

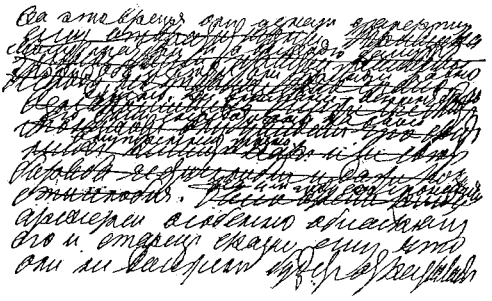
The unflagging interest in the question of the authorship of *The Letters of Junius* is likely to be stimulated by the announcement that a new and complete edition of the correspondence of Sir Philip Francis is soon to be published. The work, which is to be entitled *The Francis Letters, by Sir Philip Francis and Members of His Family,* is being compiled by Miss Beata Francis, a descendant of Sir Philip.

Of considerable interest to lovers of Cervantes is the bibliographical history of *Don Quixote,* which is included in the recent publication in England of the book in Spanish. The restoration of the text of *Don Quixote* to its original form has been the work of two English scholars, Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

Don Quixote was well known for some time before it was printed, though it found little favour in the eyes of the literary authorities of the day. In 1604 the copyright was sold by Cervantes to Robles, the Madrid bookseller, and a small and inadequate edition was published early in the following year. The publisher had such a poor opinion of the work that he did not think it worth the expense of first obtaining exclusive privilege except for the Castiles, and after the first success pirated editions were issued by the booksellers of Lisbon, Barcelona and Valencia. In printing a second and larger edition, Robles took out privileges for the whole peninsula.

In those days the work of the author was at an end when the manuscript left his hands. On but few occasions did he have an opportunity of revising the proofs. Cervantes living at Valladolid, some distance from the capital, made no alterations in either of the editions of Madrid, 1605, and the work of revising the latter devolved upon the publisher, who edited the book as best suited his convenience. Whatever the publisher or the printer failed to understand was assumed to be an author's error and altered accordingly. For more than a century and a half the second edition of 1605 was thought to be the first, and became the text upon which other editions were founded. The third edition, published by Robles in 1608, was usually called the second, and was erroneously thought to have been revised by Cervantes himself.

Dr. Conan Doyle has decided to volunteer for service against the Boers in South Africa. In commenting upon this, the London *Academy* points out that



FAC-SIMILE OF TOLSTOY'S MANUSCRIPT.

Dr. Doyle's usefulness will not be by any means confined to his personal prowess as a soldier. The Cape authorities are understood to desire the services of first-class detectives capable of unmasking Boer spies, and the news that they have secured so distinguished an ally as Sherlock Holmes should prove a decided shock to Oom Paul Kruger. In addition to this it is to be remembered that the author is also a very capable surgeon.

There is a good bit of pessimism in the following, which the London *Academy* quotes from the "Wills and Bequests" column of the *Chronicle:*

Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen, author, died October 25, 1899, aged fifty-one; £6455 gross, £3500 net personalty.

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Francis Hudson, cheesemonger, died October 26, 1899, aged sixty-three; £275,810 gross, £190,086 net personalty.

A writer in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells the following story of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and *Dodo:* "Just after *Dodo* had taken the town by storm, Archbishop Benson went down to Tunbridge School, of which he was visitor, to preside at a special function. There was a large gathering, and the Archbishop made a speech, in which he dwelt on the bygone customs of English public school life, many of which, he said, 'are now as extinct as the—.' Then he paused. It was not hard to divine the traditional simile which was on his tongue. A smile went round the room, spreading till it broke into a burst of laughter, in which the Archbishop joined. The sentence was never finished." But the advertisement, we might add, was.

Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell perpetrates from time to time a column or two in the newspapers of her choice for the general purpose of decrying whatever men accomplish and of lauding whatever is done by women. Lately she discovered a by no means remarkable poem which contained the form "Filipina" to designate a Filipino woman. This struck Mrs. Blackwell as something very remarkable, and she proceeded to comment upon the extraordinary cleverness of the writer who had invented this neat and convenient term. If Mrs. Blackwell will devote an hour or two to an investigation of the Spanish language, she will find that "Filipina" is the recognised feminine form, and that, in consequence, her little twitter of delight is rather comic.

The death of Dr. McGlynn is regarded in various ways by various persons, but it is chiefly interesting to us because it recalls the very striking episode of his submission to the authorities of the Catholic Church. There is something rather impressive in the quiet, unyielding effectiveness with which Catholicism in the long run secures its own ends against the opposition of those who, having once accepted it, attempt to revolt from it and to cast aside its influence. Dr. McGlynn at one time cut himself wholly loose from all ecclesiastical control. He let his impulsive sentimentalism carry him away into movements that were essentially inimical to his faith and to his profession. He disobeyed his superiors; he refused a summons to present himself at Rome. He uttered some cheap gibes about the Pope, whom he imagined as walking down Broadway in a high silk hat; and finally he actually fell under the ban of excommunication. Nevertheless, he could not rid himself of the feeling and of the habits that are imposed by the remarkable training of the Church to whose priesthood he was bred, and at last he came back to its fold submissive, silent and repentant. It was a striking proof of the tenacity of early influences, and it was brought about so quietly and so inevitably as to be all the more impressive. Dr. McGlynn was a man of warm feeling, excellent impulses, a weak head, and, in his public utterances, a taste that was sometimes execrable.

Mr. Edwin Markham seems in a minor way to be afflicted very much as was the late Edward Bellamy. When Mr. Bellamy wrote *Looking Backward,* he wrote it simply as a good story, a bit of imaginative writing, and with no particular intention of promulgating a new form of Socialism. But as soon as the book leaped to its extraordinary success, thousands upon thousands of impressionable persons insisted upon seeing in it a new sociological gospel. Then Mr. Bellamy himself began to feel that he had unwittingly done a great thing, and that he must have been inspired when he composed the pages of his novel. Then he practically gave up literature and started a crank paper, and gave his time and his talents to the foundation and encouragement of clubs for the propagation of the theories set forth in *Looking Backward.* What was the result? The faddists who took up the Bellamy craze soon grew tired and dropped both it and him; his paper failed; and he himself died, a literary wastrel and a sociological joke.

And now here is poor Mr. Markham going the same way. His "Man with

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the Hoe" was very good verse. He doubtless wrote it as he might at a less mature age have written about The Girl with a Beau. From a literary standpoint it is all right. But now he has become persuaded by his admirers that the poem is full of hidden meanings, of profound lessons, of unutterable things, and he is going about the country explaining to "social reform clubs" just what those hidden meanings are. No doubt he is enjoying himself hugely, and the people who belong to the clubs will for a day or two speak with bated breath of his soul-searching elucidations; but to us it is all so pathetic! Why cannot every human being have a little of the saving sense of humour? Poor Mr. Markham!

It is perhaps rather unjust to Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith that the general reading public looks upon him rather curiously as an extraordinary man who does three or four different "stunts" with remarkable dexterity. He has so many strong and sterling qualities as an author that it is rather invidious that every new novel or collection of short stories should provoke some allusion to his building the Race Rock lighthouse or his work as an artist. And yet in reading the tales which go to make up *The Other Fellow,* one cannot but feel how much each of his books is tempered and dominated by some one of his other callings. It may be said in passing that several of these tales take rank with Mr. Smith's very best work. There is a broad humanity, a strong man's gentle pity, and, if one may so speak, a certain wistfulness about them that bring the people whom they describe directly home to the human heart. But behind them all there is the lecturer and the lecture platform, the man who has spent much time rushing about the country with a dressing case, too often dependent upon the whims of the proprietor of the local livery stable and the hospitality of the village hotel. We realise the "frying-pan feast," and the waitress "in blue gingham," and the "canned corn in birds' bathtubs," and cordially sympathise with Mr. Smith. In situations like these Mr. Smith found many strange and interesting people, and *The Other Fellow* is as distinctively the work of Mr. Smith, Lecturer, as *Tom Grogan* was of Mr. Smith, Contractor; *Caleb West* of Mr. Smith, Lighthouse Builder, and *A Day at Laguerre's* of Mr. Smith, Horrible Painter.

With the January number THE BOOKMAN completed the fifth year of its existence, and looking back over the short sixty months we see much that provokes mingled amazement and amusement. During that brief time many literary reputations have risen and waned; men and women whose names were household words in 1895 have in the beginning of 1900 reached a commonplace acceptance infinitely more cruel than their original obscurity; books that two or three or five years ago stirred the female subscribers of the village library to wire-pulling and intrigue, and the occasional male subscriber to blasphemy, now repose undisturbed upon the shelves. There is infinitely more downright irony in this, the commonplace record of half a decade, than Washington Irving put into his "Mutability of Literature."

In a town library less than twenty-five miles from New York City we recently found that the two copies of Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby* which the library possessed had enjoyed an unbroken slumber for six months. And yet a short five years ago American readers were mad over this book as they have been over no other book within the memory of the present generation. Svengali and Svengalism were lugged unceremoniously into all the petty details of our every-day life and talk, and feeble imitations of Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee stalked along Fifth Avenue and Broadway. A magazine writer was recently asked to contribute a paper on Bohemian Paris to a new review. The works suggested as deserving treatment in such an article included Henry Murger's *La Vie de Bohême,* W. C. Morrow's *Bohemian Paris of To-Day, The Stones of Paris,* and several others. But of *Trilby,* that book which brought home to American and English readers all the romance, the poetry, the charm of the southern half of the French capital as no other book has ever done, and probably as no other book will ever do, no mention was made. The slight was in no way intentional. *Trilby* had simply been forgotten.

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After a book has passed the stage of its first success there is probably no test of how its popularity lasts, so adequate as the record book of the village library. Certainly the publishers' statistics of sales are for many reasons less convincing. The same is the case with popular authors. On these lines we have made a study of the fortunes of some of the books which five years ago were at the height of popularity. Of course it is impossible to draw any absolute conclusions, but we think the case very typical. A book which was in every one's hands about five years ago, and which seems to have been relegated into an obscurity as dense as it is unjust, is *Chimmie Fadden.* The *Bonnie Brier Bush,* one of the best selling books of 1895, still has a sporadic circulation, while a book of a very different kind, Nordau's *Degeneration,* is found to be utterly and hopelessly stagnant. Dr. Conan Doyle's detective stories, after many months of comparative neglect, have of late found many readers, presumably on account of Mr. Gillette's dramatisation of Sherlock Holmes.

In looking over the literary history of those five years, there is, however, nothing quite so pleasing and gratifying as the growing interest in books by American authors and of American life; the unmistakable signs that the foundations of a really national literature, comparatively unfettered by French and English traditions, are being laid. We have had occasion to call attention before to this growth of Americanism, but we think that in no way can its significance be brought home to the reader so effectively as by the statistical method. To that end we are taking the month of January as a basis, not only because January is the date of our latest number, prior to the present number, but because the returns of that month necessarily mean more than the returns of any other.

The Book Mart of the first January number of THE BOOKMAN, that of 1896, shows the following books as having had the best sale between November 1 and December 1, 1895:

Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren.
The Red Cockade. By Stanley Weyman.
Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope.
Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli.
The Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren.
The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling.

In this list there is neither an American book nor American author. If, however, we were to make it a question of the twenty best selling books, we should find James Lane Allen's *Aftermath,* F. Hopkinson Smith's *A Gentleman Vagabond,* F. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio,* and Frank Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn.*

January, 1897, shows some improvement in the matter of American books and writers, as the appended list will show:

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren.
King Noanett. By F. T. Stimson.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz.
Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic.

Other books mentioned in the lists of that month were Mr. Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling,* Mr. Crawford's *Jaquisara,* Miss Wilkins's *Madelon,* and Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty.* Concerning the last-named book, it is pertinent to remark that very often the Canadian who is the most aggressive Englishman in the States shows himself a very cocky and patriotic American in Piccadilly or Trafalgar Square.

January, 1898, and January, 1899, show a further broadening of the interest in American books and authors.

JANUARY, 1898.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen.
The Christian. By Hall Caine.
Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman.
Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling.

In addition to *Hugh Wynne* and *The Choir Invisible,* it is to be noted that *Captains Courageous,* despite its English authorship, is, in the main, an American book.

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JANUARY, 1899.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling.
The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker.
Red Rock. By T. N. Page.
Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell.
The Castle Inn. By Stanley Weyman.
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman.

It is in the record of January, 1900, however, that we find the crown and completion of that Americanism in literature which marked the year 1899:

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Caskoden.
David Harum. By Westcott.
Via Crucis. By Crawford.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne.

In every case an American author, in all but two cases American themes, and to satisfy ourselves more fully, we have but to look a little further down the list to find Dr. Van Dyke's *Fisherman's Luck,* Mr. Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana,* Mr. Page's *Santa Claus's Partner,* Harold Frederic's *The Market-Place,* and Mrs. Burnett's *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.*

We have received the following letter from Professor White, of the University of Pennsylvania:

1810 S. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE,
PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1900.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I have been much interested and amused by the selection of football teams from among the heroes of fiction, but my pleasure has been marred by two circumstances. In the first place, not a single American appears among the chosen candidates, although a team could easily be made up which for steadiness and reliability in the centre and on the line, swiftness and certainty on the ends, speed, pluck and head-work in the back field, and for general ability to play modern scientific football, would outclass either of those mentioned. My all-American team would be composed of the following gentleman amateurs:

ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM.

Left End	Magua
Left Tackle	Dick Bullen
Left Guard	Hurry Harry
Centre	Natty Bumppo
Right Guard	Chingachgook
Right Tackle	Hugh Wynne
Right End	Uncas
Quarter-back	Van Bibber
Left Half-back	Specimen Jones
Right Half-back	Jack Hamlin
Full-back	Richard Carvel
Head Coach	Mr. Dooley
Assistant Coach	David Harum

If we think for a moment of the well-known qualities of the individual players, it will be apparent to any unprejudiced critic that my team could "wipe up the field" with either of the others suggested. Compare "Hawkeye" at centre with John Ridd, who might have blocked well, but would never in the world have been down the field after the ball, or with Goliath, who actually allowed a mere feather-weight "in sight of all beholders" to chop off "his unbelievin' head from his blasphemious shoulders."

I am willing to admit that Chingachgook and Hurry Harry might have some trouble when playing on defence in the line with your guards —Pan Longin and Ursus—but men that were as easily fooled as Samson or as thick-witted as Herakles could never master the fine points of the game; while playing "guards back"—as they undoubtedly would—the speed and condition of my men would make them irresistible. They would be through the line while Pan Longin was wondering where his sword was. Hugh Wynne and Dick Bullen (who showed his possession of all good qualities by his night ride as "Sandy Claus" at Simpson's Bar) could at least take care of the opposing tackles, while for getting down the field, following the ball and catching a dodging half-back (if it is possible to conceive of Ivanhoe or Thord or Siegfried or—Heaven save the mark! —Porthos *dodging*), Uncas and Magua simply outclass all the other ends, except Mowgli, and could probably give him points on the science of the game.

In the back field America should win "hands down." I have there a quartette that defies comparison. There couldn't be a "delayed pass" or "fake kick" or trick play of any description that wouldn't go off with Mr. Jack Hamlin and Mr. Specimen Jones to negotiate it; Mr. Carvel could undoubtedly outkick or outbuck a person like Cœur de Lion, accustomed to encase himself in steel before he took

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any risks whatever; or like Athos, sure to be out of condition from perpetually brooding over domestic difficulties; while as for running the team and playing a bang-up game at quarter, I'd back Van Bibber against D'Artagnan or any other Frenchman who ever curled a moustache, carried a rapier, or wore jack-boots.

My coaches speak for themselves—Mr. Dooley can do so at all events.

The second circumstance to which I alluded—and seriously—as marring my pleasure in the football discussion, was your reference to Mr. Outland, of Pennsylvania, as the object of your disfavour on account of your belief in pure American college athletics and in strict eligibility rules. If you have any evidence whatever that Mr. Outland has offended in either respect, the Faculty Committee in charge of athletics at Pennsylvania would consider it a favour if you would lay it before them either privately or publicly, as you may prefer.

If you have no such evidence, it is obvious that you have been misled, and equally obvious that you should admit it. Pennsylvania's eligibility rules are practically identical with Harvard's, and are the strictest in this country. A committee composed of seven professors, representing different departments of the University, a trustee and an alumnus is charged with the duty of enforcing them. Every part of Mr. Outland's athletic life was before this committee and was, in accordance with custom, submitted also to the Harvard Committee. He played with the full approval of both institutions. He is a student in excellent standing, and is completing his educational course this year.

I hope, as you are responsible for interjecting a serious thought into the excellent fooling in which you indulged anent football, that you will correct an injustice—doubtless inadvertent—to Pennsylvania and to Mr. Outland.

Yours truly,

J. William White.

The eleven selected by Professor White is in all respects an admirable one, and we are wholly in sympathy with his plea for American representation. Critically, however, we should say that the gentleman who is so important a factor in the athletic affairs of the University of Pennsylvania has constructed his team mainly with an eye to the possibilities of the "guards back," a play which, in our opinion, with all respect to Mr. Woodruff, is inefficient and obsolete. In regard to the second matter, we acknowledge an unintentional injustice, and desire to tender our sincere apologies to Mr. Outland, to the faculty, the alumni and the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania. Lastly, we wish to thank Professor White for the pleasure we have derived from reading his interesting letter, and we beg him to accept the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

TWILIGHT IN SAN PABLO VALLEY.

Cold is the sleeping mountain,
And cold is the setting sun,
And grey is the road that climbs and climbs,
Till the distant heights are won.
I hear a drowsy murmur,
And the note of a lonely bird,
And a faint wind sighs in the darkling skies,
Like the ghost of a whispered word.

And Fear is in the valley,
It comes with the creeping night,
The fear of the sphinx-like mountains,
The fear of the keen starlight,
The fear of a Spirit moving
In the breeze's monotone,
The fear of God in the darkness,
Who speaks with the soul alone.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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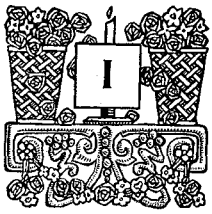
AMERICAN OPINION ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR



IN the past, whenever events of great importance have occurred affecting European nations, it has not been difficult for even the casual observer to detect at once the drift of American opinion. Our people have a number of fixed and definite prejudices, which usually cause them to take what is practically a national attitude with reference to all foreign questions. Thus, during the Crimean War, American sympathy was on the whole unmistakably with Russia, partly because of a traditional dislike of England, which still survived as a heritage from the Revolution and the War of 1812, and more particularly because of the very tactless course of the British Minister at Washington, Mr. Crompton, whose open and offensive violation of our neutrality laws led to his abrupt dismissal by the President. In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, public sentiment was distinctly favourable to Germany, both because it seemed for a while as though France had insolently forced the quarrel, and because at that time France was still the France of Louis Napoleon, who was not only a usurper, but who had shown himself to be the consistent enemy of the United States throughout our Civil War, both in his Mexican expedition, which defied the fundamental principle of the Monroe Doctrine, and again in his constant efforts to wheedle England into a joint intervention in our life and death struggle so as to make it terminate in the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Somewhat later, after the downfall of the Empire, and when France had repudiated and dethroned Napoleon, our sympathies veered around to the side of the young Republic, battling as it was against an overwhelming tide of invasion, and recalling to us sacred and inspiring memories of the days when Lafayette fought side by side with Washington, and when the French standard was unfurled at Yorktown beside the Stars and Stripes. More recently, in the struggle between Greece and Turkey, American good will went out to Greece, and was freely given to that kingdom until repelled by the disgust which sprang from a contemplation of the cowardice of the Greek commanders and the swaggering inefficiency of the Hellenic army. During the past year there is no question that, with very few exceptions, Americans generally displayed an intense and at times hysterical belief in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. There never was a time, indeed, while any of these events was going on, when there could exist the slightest doubt as to the tendency and meaning of our national opinion.

At the present moment once more a most momentous struggle is in progress—a struggle which, though at first regarded lightly and as insignificant, is now seen to contain within itself potentialities that stimulate and startle the imagination. Events, to be sure, may shape themselves in such a manner as to make the outcome one of purely limited importance; yet, as we write, it is impossible to deny that the war now waging in South Africa may have a lasting influence upon the historic destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, that it may alter the whole course of political history, and that it may lead to a cataclysm which will be of the most profound and vital concern to the whole English-speaking world. Nothing that has happened in our time seems to have been so fraught with tremendous possibilities; and it is therefore as natural as it is interesting to consider what is the attitude of the American people as a people toward a contest which no intelligent person can view without the intensest feeling of astonishment, of expectancy, and perhaps of apprehension.

The very first phenomenon to be noted in such an investigation is to be found in the undoubted fact that American sentiment has not as yet fully and emphatically declared itself. It is still nebulous and unformed. It has not distinctly crystallised into a definite and authoritative utterance. This at first sight is surprising; because, as I have already said, it is the reverse of what has in the past been quite invariably true. The Crimean War, the War of 1870-71, the Græco-Turkish War, the trial of Dreyfus—these things

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were all spectacular, they had an intensely dramatic quality about them; but in no way did they touch our national interests. Nevertheless, in regard to each of them the drift of American opinion was from the outset perfectly perceptible. How is it that when the issue is one which may possibly involve considerations of the most serious concern to us as a people, we are still found halting between two opinions, and exhibiting a conservatism of judgment as striking as it is unusual? For once, even our newspaper press is not outspoken; and in the comparatively few instances where journalists have not stayed their hand, their sentiments are found to be almost equally divided as between the opposing forces in this extraordinary war. Not long ago the *Literary Digest* summarised the editorial opinions of a number of American journals, with the result that a preponderant sympathy appeared to be with the Boers; yet the newspapers in question represent only a small minority of the entire American press; and a careful analysis showed that in many of them such opinions as were pronounced were pronounced with considerable caution and with many reservations; so that even if these papers should be taken as representing the judgment of the people, this would at the most be little more than a tentative judgment, a judgment still open to modification and even to reversal, and not as yet a judgment distinctly and definitely formulated.

There is of course one very obvious reason for this state of things. Before affairs in South Africa had drifted into an actual crisis, and before war was within a measurable distance, the great mass of the American people had not given themselves any concern over the conditions existing in South Africa. It was not merely that they had not taken the trouble to inform themselves about the occurrences of 1881 and the Convention of 1884, and the grievances of the Outlanders, and the question of British suzerainty; but we may safely assume that not one American in a hundred thousand had any definite notion as to the origin and racial affinities of the Boers, while probably not one in half a million could have given you any definite statement as to the geographical situation, the boundaries and the history of the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State. When the cable reports grew more explicit day by day, and when the editorial writers of our leading newspapers commenced to discuss the South African situation seriously, then the people at large also began to exhibit a rather languid interest in the subject; but to them the whole thing was still only one of the minor squabbles that are always arising in some remote quarter of the British Empire, and that lack both importance and significance. A little later, and just before President Kruger telegraphed his ultimatum, the average American probably summarised the situation somewhat in this way: "The Boers are a mediæval and half-civilised people who are taxing and oppressing a numerically larger foreign population without giving to that population any of the rights of citizenship; and the English Government is simply insisting upon an impartial treatment of all residents within the borders of the Transvaal as secured to them by formal treaty. The whole dispute seems to involve the old American maxim of 'No taxation without representation,' and the Outlanders occupy to-day practically the same position against the Boers which our forefathers occupied against the unjust exactions of the British Ministry of 1775."

A second consideration very strongly influenced a great majority of our citizens, and it was reflected in the utterances of our newspapers. During our war with Spain, England did undoubtedly give us in a negative way some very valuable support, both moral and diplomatic. British officials had taken charge of our consular offices on Spanish soil; British public opinion had in the main sided with us in our resolution to put an end to Spanish tyranny in Cuba; and at Manila the commanders of British ships had assumed an attitude which in those trying days, while Dewey was waiting anxiously for reinforcements, with the Spanish cannon before him and the malicious Germans behind him, was so friendly as almost to promise that in a real emergency their broadsides would begin to thunder with our own. Hence, Americans felt that it would be only a very small and insignificant return for the generous comradeship of our kinsmen across the sea if we gave to them our sympathy and good wishes in a contest

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wherein, after all, Englishmen were apparently contending for one of the most time-honoured of American principles. Had the war been waged effectively and with immediate success to the British arms, there is little doubt that American opinion would have been constant to these first impressions.

A slight change, however, became perceptible when President Kruger issued his famous ultimatum, which was practically a declaration of war against Great Britain. Americans were at first amused by it, as they would have been amused by the challenge of a small and impertinent boy to a champion of the prize-ring. Underneath the amusement, however, there was something of the admiration which our countrymen always give to nerve, to audacity, and to indomitable courage. And nothing could, on the face of it, have been more audacious than a defiance of the British Empire by this small community of undisciplined Dutch farmers who, without flinching and without any sign of perturbation, threw down the gauntlet before one of the greatest monarchies in modern times—a monarchy whose wealth and material resources are beyond those of any other nation except our own, a monarchy whose possessions cover half the habitable globe, a monarchy with the greatest fleet that has ever existed in the whole history of the world, a monarchy whose military annals are studded with brilliant victories over nearly every civilised nation of modern times. A people whose entire population was less than the population of Birmingham or Manchester was fearlessly flinging a defiance in the face of an Empire of three hundred million souls. This might be madness, but at any rate it was magnificent. It was picturesque. It was in a way inspiring. It recalled the example of the Swiss who, at the time when Bismarck was at the zenith of his pride and power, unhesitatingly rejected his imperious demand for the violation of their principle of free asylum for political offenders and who, when he persisted, mobilised their little army, filled their mountain passes with armed men, and defied the colossal Empire which only a few years before had tamed the pride of a Napoleon and set its iron heel upon the neck of prostrate France. From this moment then, as I have said, American opinion entered upon a second stage of its development. Americans still believed in the easy triumph of the English arms; they still believed that England was substantially in the right; and they felt that the assimilation of the Boer Republics by the British Empire was not only inevitable but for the best interests of civilisation. Nevertheless, the tenacity and pluck of the Boers made a distinctly favourable impression; and a good many Americans began to hope that the two Republics might, at any rate, secure a certain amount of military success before being absolutely crushed, and that they might win a victory or two, if only to mitigate the humiliation of their ultimate defeat, and reward them for their intrepidity and independence.

Perhaps the spirit in which the English entered upon the war may also have had a share in winning a certain amount of sympathy for the Boers. First of all, there was exhibited in the English press a great deal of that peculiar combination of superciliousness and contempt which Americans at several important crises of their own history have had themselves good reason to remember. The *Saturday Review* described Great Britain's new antagonists as a ridiculous pack of skulking bushwhackers whom a few British regiments could sweep out of the way with perfect ease. It said that the Transvaal's military power was a bubble that now at last was going to be definitely pricked. When the first British troops left England for South Africa, the railway porters, as the train rolled out of the station, bawled "All aboard for Pretoria!" and General Buller blandly remarked on setting out, that he should eat his Christmas dinner in President Kruger's capital. It was pointed out by a great many so-called experts that the Boers had become degenerate since 1881, that they could no longer shoot, and that the mere sight of British regulars would send them flying to the holes and caves of the back country. Americans generally believed that this was so; but the fact only made them wonder all the more at the swaggering way in which the English began the war. If the Boers amounted to so little, and if it was going to be such an easy matter to annihilate them, was it not just a little unseemly in the English to make such a

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fuss about the matter? They had accused us at the time of our war with Spain of being "the most excitable people on earth;" but, after all, Spain was a nation of twenty million inhabitants, and with a standing army ten times the size of ours; whereas here was England breaking out into a roar of music-hall enthusiasm because she was going to hurl the forces of her empire against a few unskilled, degenerate, and helpless Dutchmen. There appeared to be a lack of proportion somewhere. Mr. Swinburne wrote war sonnets, and Mr. Kipling emitted a strident yawp, and all London burst forth into flags and brass bands and patriotic revelry. As I said before, it all seemed a little excessive, and reminded one of some hulking, bragging brawler, delighted at his luck in having a quarrel thrust upon him by some little fellow whom he knows that he can pulverise.

Then came the shock of actual battle; and with the rest of the world Americans were overwhelmed with amazement when the men who were supposed to be only untrained bushwhackers smote down the flower of the British army, outgeneralled its commanders, divided and neutralised its various divisions, and marched off to Pretoria whole sections of regiments which before had never known defeat, and whose colours had never before been yielded up to England's enemies. Sir George White, after winning a Pyrrhic victory, was beleaguered in Ladysmith. Lord Methuen, after a few doubtful successes, found his advance on Kimberley made utterly impossible. Finally, Sir Redvers Buller, regarded by many as the best of England's fighting generals, and said to have been the commander designated to lead a British army against New York had the Venezuelan affair culminated in war, was routed in a pitched battle and reduced to a state of helpless inactivity. Then came the extraordinary spectacle of the mobilisation of all the military forces of the three kingdoms, the despatch to South Africa of England's whole establishment of regulars, and the frantic call for reserves, for militia, and for volunteers, until at last we saw a mighty host arrayed against the burghers —a host such as Great Britain never before in its entire history had sent into the field. Not against Napoleon, not against revolted India, not even against the colossal empire of Nicholas, had Great Britain made such frantic and such impotent exertions. When the war once assumed proportions such as these, Americans for the first time began to feel an eager interest not only in its picturesque development, but also in its causes and in the principles for which each side so strenuously contended. It was then that American opinion entered upon a third stage of its development, and began little by little to give at least a moral support to the cause of the two Republics.

Disentangled of all complications, one cannot easily deny that the Boers have much the better case. Look at the facts. These sturdy colonists went out into the wilds of Africa and there established for themselves two small political communities which represented everything that they desired—freedom, isolation, independence, and a life of rural simplicity. Their government was precisely the sort of government which they preferred. They did not care for alien immigrants; they did not seek to establish commerce or manufactures; they did not covet wealth; they desired simply to be let alone. And in all this they were quite successful, until the discovery of gold brought down upon their borders a swarm of rough adventurers, of knavish speculators, of bustling, blustering company-promoters who represented everything that was distasteful and abhorrent to the simple settlers who possessed the land. The Boers could not prevent their coming, but they very properly refused to grant them such concessions as would make them in the end the political masters of the country, and lead to its absorption in the British Empire. They did much more than this. Besides refusing them the franchise, they taxed them heavily, and they declined to make life in the Transvaal a paradise for aliens. Then the Outlanders, who were rapidly increasing in numbers and in wealth, began an agitation, with the hope, which has at last been realised, of forcing England's intervention. An instrument toward the accomplishment of this design was found in Cecil Rhodes, that big, unscrupulous, domineering, splendid bully, who sums up in his own person many of the characteristics which have made England as a nation what she is. He organised the

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Jameson Raid—a feeble and, in its end, an almost ridiculous fiasco, whose only outcome was to make it clear to all the world that the Transvaal must be ever armed against aggression, as it showed also that she was fully able to maintain her rights in arms and in diplomacy; for she compelled even the English Government to punish the men who had made their reckless dash upon Johannesburg, and who were beaten into a discreditable surrender at the moment when they crossed the frontiers of the Republic. Since that time intrigue has been incessant. The smug and smooth Colonial Secretary, whom no one trusts, began a course of studied hectoring in his correspondence with Mr. Kruger. He claimed this and he claimed that. He befogged the real issue with a cloud of sophistries, and at last he made it so evident that England was preparing to crush out the liberties of the Transvaal Republic, as to force the Boers in self-defence to strike a blow before their enemies should mass an overwhelming force against them. What is there in all of this to justify American sympathy with England? It is said that the Outlanders are more numerous than the Boers, that they are more intelligent, that they are more wealthy, and that, being deprived of the franchise and being hardly taxed, their cause is the same as that of the Americans of 1776. But if the Outlanders were more numerous and more intelligent and more wealthy than the Boers, and if they were oppressed, why did they not rise up themselves and strike a blow for their own cause, as we Americans rose up a century ago? Had they done this, and had they been able to maintain themselves against the men whom they have called oppressors, then they would have exercised only the right of revolution which is inherent in every community which thinks itself a victim of oppression. But they did nothing of the sort. They whined and whimpered, and they subsidised the English press to air their grievances; but they never organised and armed themselves and stood forth in the attitude of freemen who have resolved to die for a cause which they believe to be the cause of justice. On the contrary, both at the time of Jameson's Raid and when the present war broke out, they skulked and played the coward—these sleek Jews and dapper diamond gamblers. They squalled for freedom; but when the clash of arms was heard, they sneaked into their shops and counting rooms and waited for other hands to strike the blow and bear the brunt of battle.

It has been said that, after all, the really vital issue is the issue involved in the question of British suzerainty; that the Boer Republics had accepted such a control by England as would justify the English Government in interfering in their internal politics. But this is an assertion that has no warrant in recorded facts. Mr. James Bryce, than whom there lives no more impartial, well-informed and honourable Englishman, has shown that at the time of the Convention of 1884 the English yielded up their claim to suzerainty, and that there is nothing whatsoever in that compact to warrant even the slightest interference in the Transvaal's local interests.

The truth is that the Outlanders represent a huge community of squatters, eager to force out the rightful owners of the soil under any pretence whatever. If they did not like the laws and usages of the country into which they came, they were not obliged to stay there. Does any one suppose that Great Britain would have interfered to secure the franchise for a lot of Englishmen who had made their homes in France? For the matter of that, does any one now believe that could English statesmen have foreseen the serious consequences of a war with the Transvaal they would have acted as they did and permitted Mr. Chamberlain to go his reckless way unchecked? No one believes it. The simple truth is this: that England, notwithstanding all her splendid qualities and her glorious record of achievements in the past, has always been a bully among nations, speaking softly to the powerful and browbeating with intolerable insolence the weak and helpless. American opinion to-day is coloured by the recollection of this fact, and it is with not a little genuine satisfaction that all of us are witnessing a thorough thrashing of the bully. Were England sore beset by France, by Germany, or by Russia, our feeling would be very different. The ties of race would knit our sympathy indissolubly with her cause; but the Boers are people of our own stock; they are a small people; their

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cause is just; and therefore at the present moment it is impossible to view with anything but satisfaction their stern tenacity, their invincible determination to be free, and their extraordinary fighting qualities.

So long, then, as the issue remains a simple one, and so far as it concerns Great Britain and the Boers alone, American opinion must more and more be cast into the scale against Great Britain. Should the English reverses be so serious as to compel from the unwilling hands of Englishmen a recognition of the permanent and perfect independence of the two Republics, no reasonable person ought to grieve. Nor would the blow to England's military prestige involved in such an outcome be so serious an injury to the British nation as some writers have asserted. It would in the end, I think, be a distinct advantage to her. It would teach all Englishmen the modesty which they sadly lack. It would make them much more sparing of their sneers and supercilious contempt directed against other nations; and it would force them so to reorganise their military system as at last to make it worthy in its efficiency of the best traditions of England's past. It would transform her generals from martinets and pompous figure-heads into scientific strategists; it would convert her younger officers from polo-playing, pipe-clayed dandies into professional soldiers; and therefore in the end it would substitute real strength for pretentious weakness, and thus solidify the foundations of that Empire with whose prosperity, pre-eminence, and power are bound up many of the really vital interests of modern civilisation.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE GHETTO IN LITERATURE

I. Concerning Sensitive Epiderms.

I REMEMBER being considerably put out, some years ago, while travelling through a far Western State, by the efforts of my hosts to hold up in triumphant pride whatever there was in their physical and social surroundings that resembled the life to which I was accustomed, and which, therefore, I had endeavoured to leave behind me. When I pointed to their grand mountains looming up at the far end of their streets, they pointed to their new eight-story office buildings (I had come from a town of twenty-storied ones); when my eyes were fascinated by a picturesque cowboy dashing up the main street, I was introduced to the leader of the fashionable "germans;" when I searched for dwellings of adobe, I was shown mansions of brick and mortar; when I yearned for collections of Navajo blankets, I was obliged to look at collections of "old masters."

I remember, also, that it was not so very long ago that we Americans protested against the strange wilfulness which led an Englishman to sing the praises of Whitman and Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte and Mark Twain, while they totally neglected our writers of "polite literature." It never seemed to occur to us that if the Englishman were to be denied a totally new flavour in literature he would doubtless remain perfectly satisfied with his Tennyson, his Thackeray and his Lang, rather than take up with

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American authors that were almost, or even quite, as good. It hurt our pride also to have the Englishman yawn over what we had to show him in New York and come as near to enthusiasm as his traditions would permit over the plains of Nebraska. It is hard to realise that we are prized for our differences rather than for our resemblances. There is not the slightest doubt that the Sandwich Islander is as anxious to show to the lately arrived missionary his fine silk hat as that missionary is to see the abbreviated costume of the islander. Also, it is safe to predict that the jaded American citizen travelling weary miles to get a new sensation in our Philippine possessions will immediately on his arrival be asked to admire—the newly imported telephone!

All this is apropos of the paragraphs in the January BOOKMAN anent the Jews and their attitude toward certain studies that have lately appeared of Jewish life and character. The editor of THE BOOKMAN very naturally takes the position of the literary artist, and upholds his inalienable right to draw his inspiration from whatever matter feeds it best. Of course all this talk of "boycotting," and all the flinging of personal abuse to which he refers, is as unwise as he has characterised it; yet there is a side to this protest of the Jews which is not often pointed out, and which goes far to explain the intense feeling that has been aroused.

Among the Jews that I meet there is no wish to deny the independence of Art; there is not the slightest hesitancy to recognise the genius of Mr. Zangwill and the cleverness of Mr. Cahan. They realise perfectly that the foreign-looking, strange-speaking Hebrew of the Ghetto, with Talmudic lore at the end of his tongue, and a frayed *talith* at the end of his shoulder, is infinitely better "copy" than the Talmudically ignorant Americanised Hebrew, who drives in his automobile or sits with his Gentile brethren on charitable boards and missions. The Americanised Hebrew is growing a little tired of this reiteration of the Ghetto type which the Gentile world find so interesting within the covers of a book. After all, when the good American used to be piqued because the cowboy filled the horizon of literary London, it was given him to point to some novels dealing with the average American banker who prefers to take his promenades without his six-shooter. But to the Americanised Hebrew is denied *in toto* the luxury of pointing to any literature that pretends to describe him seriously. And if it is objected that there is no thrill in reading of the opinions and doings of the average Americanised Hebrew, I might possibly suggest in all due humility that it must be a very mild thrill that is awakened by reading of the opinions and doings of the average American Gentile families that appear in the novels of Mr. Fuller, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Howells and others.

Now, there is implanted in the breast of the Jew, quite as well as in the breast of his Gentile brother, the very desire that I have described to hold up his resemblances rather than his differences. The Jew is doing his best to show off his fine Oxford cloth coat of latest cut, while the public persists in looking for the gabardine. It is the story of the Sandwich Islander all over again. Now, in all this there is something more than a mere academic question of Art; there is a very real social problem. While in some parts of the world Jews are being exiled from their homes by the thousands; while in other parts of the world they are being accused of the very crimes of which the Roman populace accused the early Christians; and in all parts of the world the unjust cry is constantly being raised that the Jew never becomes thoroughly identified with the land of his adoption; the Jew is asking himself is it wise, is it expedient, to hold up in literature all that is foreign, all that is strange, all that is exceptional in the Jew? He is beginning to ask himself if there is not or if there should not be a loyalty to one's people that shall take precedence over a loyalty to Art.

The editor of THE BOOKMAN referred to the storm of censure that was raised by the production of Mr. Zangwill's play. I had the pleasure of telling the author how much I admired his wonderful art, and yet on the whole the impression produced by the play upon the Gentile public was one that was most inexpedient from the racial point of view. I do not wish to dwell too long upon it, but just to take a single instance—that of the rabbi who

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felt himself in exile, and whose eyes were fixed longingly on Jerusalem. Well, there is somewhere in the Jewish prayer-book a line to the effect that "this year we are in exile, but next year we hope to be in Jerusalem;" but I can safely say that it is taken about as literally by the average synagogue-goer as some of the articles of the creed are taken by the average church-goer. Let it not be supposed that empty forms are a monopoly of the Jewish prayer-book.

I have written these words hoping that the American Gentile reader may put himself into the place of the unwritten-up Jew, and remember those days when he shuddered at the female from Kansas who held herself up at the *pension* as the gentlest of American dames; remember the time before he had come into his own, when he writhed at the thought of the aristocracy of England falling at the feet of Buffalo Bill. And now, in his palmy days, if he is inclined to smile at the provincialism of the Americanised Hebrew, let him remember that to be bracketed with "dogs and other nuisances" at some select hotels and apartment houses is scarcely conducive to the thickening of the epiderm!

Annie Nathan Meyer.

II. The Other Side.

An experience of mine may let some light in upon this controversy over Israel as a fit subject for art. My work in 1894, 1895, and 1896 was partly in the East Side Ghetto, and I was carried away by the picturesque beauty of the life and the rich individuality of the people there. With no prejudice one way or the other about Jews, I became what my friends called a Jew lover. No matter, I had found a field in which I could gather stories. A careful, enthusiastic study of the Ghetto resulted in some newspaper sketches of scenes and incidents in synagogues, and shops and at strikes. There were humour, pathos, tragedy, all of which I reported without form, but with accuracy. My East Side friends said my things were right. But the best story, and about the last, was an account of Yom Kippur, the awful, the beautiful, in which I set down for my newspaper the happenings of a few hours; as "straight reporting" as I was capable of, the only art being in the selection of those incidents and elements of the great scene which would best reproduce for others my impression of the far-away beauty and awfulness of the Ghetto on its grandest day.

I was proud of that little sketch. My Ghetto friends were pleased, and they flattered me so that I liked the Jews, all of them. But the Jews are not one people. A few days later my editor handed me a letter from a well-known uptown Jewish woman, active in reform and charities, a defender of her race. She complained that "such a newspaper as the —— —— should lend itself to the odious practice of ridiculing the Jews." My editor was alarmed; he didn't want to "get into any row with the Jews;" he thought I ought to see the uptown Jewess.

She received me patronisingly; she didn't wish to harm me with my editor, but— But I hadn't meant to ridicule the Jews, I said. Nevertheless, that was what I had done. How? By writing about the East Side Jews. That was what her answer amounted to. That there was beauty there, and an unstudied life full of interest, was beyond her comprehension. That the ancient religion of Israel was a moving and a living force was unthinkable.

"Why don't you come uptown and describe the services in one of our synagogues?"

"Because there is nothing characteristic or beautiful in them. They are conventional concerts, like a Christian service, and with no great hold upon the congregation."

"There," she said, "that shows your prejudice."

I believe this lady and her kind the Jews who frowned down Mr. Zangwill's play, and they who are trying to have Abraham Cahan's stories boycotted; the rich, Philistine, semi-Christianised Jews of the uptown or Golden Ghetto—I believe they are ashamed of Israel. You know that the East Side Jew is proud of his people; he is sorry for the Gentile. He is not offensive about it. But the uptown Jew, who is forever defending his race and imitating the Christians, brings himself into contempt and keeps up the prejudices against him. He is trying to become just like everybody else. He is a

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snob and a social climber, arrogant and material and commonplace. And the quarrel with the Jews like Zangwill and Cahan, who see their own people as they are, good and bad, ridiculous and strong, like any other people, exposes in the middle-class Hebrew his apostasy and unintelligence. Why don't the Irish complain of the fun, the open ridicule poked at them? Because, be jabbers, the Irishman is proud of his Irish, so sure of himself that he is the first to crack the Irish joke on the Irish. The writers of every people in the civilised world may satirise pitilessly their own people—only the Jews must keep it quiet. Let Zangwill write about the Englishman and Cahan of us Americans; but they shall not touch the men and women they know, the children of Israel, who are neither English nor American, but Jews.

Martin B. Ellis.

UNWRITTEN BOOKS

TO most of the admirers of Dickens the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* remains still a mystery, since the author died suddenly and before he had himself disclosed his own answer to his serial conundrum. We may give as many guesses as we choose, we cannot be absolutely certain that our solution of the problem is the real one. Thackeray was far above any mystery-mongering of this sort, and he scorned to entrap his readers into puzzling over a mere enigma of plot; but he had acquired from Dickens the inartistic habit of beginning the intermittent publication of a novel before he had composed the final chapters, and *Denis Duval* remains to us an interrupted beginning of what might have been a worthy companion of *Henry Esmond*. More than one attempt was made to complete Dickens's broken narrative, but no rash writer was hardy enough to venture on a continuation of Thackeray's novel. When Wilkie Collins left a serial unfinished, Sir Walter Besant kindly supplied a conclusion; and Mr. Quiller-Couch did a like friendly service for Robert Louis Stevenson.

Here in America Hawthorne tried three times to get his strange story of the bloody footstep into a shape satisfactory to his fastidious sense of form, and he allowed *The Dolliver Romance* to begin to appear in a magazine before he had completed the manuscript. The sudden death of Dickens and of Thackeray was his also, and his instalment of life in this world was sharply cut off—to be continued in our next. As in Thackeray's case, so in Hawthorne's, the impossibility of completing what the master had begun was so plain that even the most foolishly conceited have restrained their pens from the task. As Hawthorne's classmate, Longfellow, beautifully phrased it:

There, in seclusion and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half-told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

Hawthorne, however, and Thackeray had at least begun these books; *The Dolliver Romance* and *Denis Duval* remain unfinished, but they were not absolutely unwritten. There are in the records of literature other books by other authors actually announced as these were, but never even begun. Some of these unwritten books may have been thought out, composed, ready to be set down in black and white with pen and ink, complete in the author's head, and lacking the final and almost mechanical registration. Others seem to have been mere

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projects, little more than vague dreams, for a possible future realisation. At one stage of its existence every book is but a castle in the air; and the persevering author acts on Thoreau's assertion, that the air is the proper place for a castle, and that what needs to be done is only to build a solid foundation under it.

Molière is said by most of his biographers to have made a translation of Lucretius; and if this ever really existed it is now lost. But another of Molière's works never did exist—the comedy of *L'Homme de Cour*—which he used to talk about as certain to be his final masterpiece, but of which nothing is now known. So Richard Brinsley Sheridan made ready to write a successor to *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal,* on the theme of *Affectation,* but this admirable subject did not tempt him to the actual labour of composition. He made a few notes for the proposed play, and pursued it no further. Perhaps he was too absorbed in the pleasures of society or in the delights of politics; perhaps he was satisfied with the comedies he had already written and willing to rest his title to remembrance upon these. Michael Kelly tells us that he once said to Sheridan that the manager of Drury Lane would never write another comedy, since he was afraid—afraid of the author of *The School for Scandal.* And like Molière and like Sheridan, Cervantes had projected a final play, destined to eclipse all its predecessors—*Engaño a los Ojos*—and yet not destined to see the light of day, since the author of *Don Quixote* died before it was ready, if indeed it was ever begun.

For years the paper covers of every new book that Victor Hugo issued continued to announce as soon to be published a romance entitled *La Quinquengrogne.* Many posthumous volumes of the French poet's writing in prose and verse have been sent forth by his literary executors, but of this oddly entitled fiction nothing has been heard. Théophile Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse* was proclaimed as almost ready for print for many long years before the first word of it was actually written; but Gautier did write up to his title at last. Which one of his Romanticist companions in arms was it who achieved instant fame on his declaration of intention to astound the world sooner or later with a treatise, *Sur l'Incommodité des Commodes?*—a treatise which, like a bill in Congress, has been read by title only.

In 1862, Alphonse Daudet in like manner announced as "in press" a volume of stories, which was to be called *Le Pentaméron,* and which remained unpublished and probably unwritten when he died in 1897. A novel of Daudet's—*Trousseaux et Layettes*—about which he was in the habit of conversing with his intimates in the later years of his life, seems to have been begun, but apparently it was not very far advanced when death overtook him. And the younger Dumas has left on record more than one reference to a comedy to be called *La Route de Thèbes,* planned before *Francillon,* but never brought to the point of perfection during the author's lifetime.

In the original prospectus of M. Jules Jusserand's admirable series of critical biographies, *Les Grands Ecrivains Français,* it was asserted that M. Anatole France would contribute the volume on Racine and M. Jules Lemaître that on Alfred de Musset. But when the time came to publish the book on Racine its author was found to be not M. France, but M. Gustave Larroumet; and the volume on Musset was prepared, not by M. Lemaître, but by Mme. Arvède Barine. Boileau was to have been undertaken by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, and Rousseau by the late Victor Cherbuliez; but M. Gustave Lanson was the author of the account of the great classic critic, and M. Chuquet was responsible for the biography of the progenitor of French Romanticism. It is more than ten years since the prospectus of this series was prepared, and M. Brunetière has not yet given us his promised study of Voltaire, nor has M. Paul Bourget vouchsafed us his analysis of Balzac.

Taine was to have written the life of Sainte-Beuve for this series, but he died before he had accomplished the pleasant and appropriate task. In like manner Lowell at the time of his death had made little progress with the volume on Hawthorne which he had agreed to prepare for the corresponding series in this country, Mr. Warner's *American Men of Letters.* And this cannot but be a loss to the series. To an American in London, with whom he was talking over his

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theme, Lowell expressed his entire dissatisfaction with the volume on Hawthorne contributed to the *English Men of Letters* by Mr. Henry James. Lowell remarked that Hawthorne was of New England, all compact, and could be treated adequately only by a New Englander, whereas Mr. James, in so far as he was an American at all, was a New Yorker.

The *American Men of Letters* series has had almost as many substitutions as the *Grands Ecrivains Français.* Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was to have written the volume on N. P. Willis, and Professor Beers did write it. Mr. George W. Cable undertook to prepare an account of William Gilmore Simms, and Professor Trent did prepare it. Mr. Howells was expected to write the life of Longfellow, and Colonel Higginson is writing it. And in the original prospectus of the corresponding British series, the earliest of the three, Mr. John Morley's *English Men of Letters,* the editor reserved to himself two authors, Gray and Burke. The study of Burke he has published, but that of Gray he turned over to Mr. Gosse. And the volume on Berkeley which the late Professor Huxley was to prepare for Mr. Morley's series never got itself written, although that on Hume did.

It was more or less in rivalry with Mr. Morley's series that Mr. Andrew Lang began a collection of *English Worthies,* which the editor himself was to provide with a biography of Izaak Walton—a project abandoned apparently when the series itself was given up. And it was for this set of *English Worthies* that Robert Louis Stevenson made ready to celebrate the deeds of Wellington, as unlikely a subject as could well be chosen by him—although his master, Scott, had made money by a huge book about Napoleon. When one of Stevenson's intimates—one of his collaborators, indeed—was asked why the victor of Waterloo had been selected by the author of the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* the laughing answer was, "Oh, Louis thinks he has an eye for strategy and tactics."

To the excellent series of *History and Literature Primers,* which was edited by J. R. Green, the historian, and which contains the extraordinarily successful primer of English literature by Mr. Stopford Brooke and the equally illuminative primer of Greek literature by Professor Jebb, Dean Farrar was to contribute a primer of Latin literature. And to a kindred series of little books on *Classical Writers,* Professor James Bryce had promised a study of Herodotus. Both of these books, now overdue for more than half a score of years, remain unwritten.

And what has become of *The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings*—most alluring title—which Mr. Rudyard Kipling dangled before our eyes almost as long ago? Everything comes to him who waits, but have we not waited long enough for this?

Perhaps one or another of these unwritten books by men of letters still alive may get themselves into print all in good time; and, perhaps, none of them will ever see the light. And it may be that their authors are wise in their own generation, in so far as they may prefer the contemplation of a possibility never to be attempted to any effort to possess a reality that might be a bitter disappointment. No unwritten book can ever be a reproach to an author or a burden to his friends, nor can it gratify his enemies. No unwritten poem can be picked to pieces by criticasters. No unwritten play can be damned by faint praise. As Scribe, that wiliest of playwrights, once declared, "What is cut out is never hissed." What is unwritten cannot be abused offensively, nor can it be eulogised effusively—which to a sincere author may be even more distasteful.

No author was ever more frankly sincere than Whittier; and it was Whittier who wrote:

> Let the thick curtain fall;
> I better know than all
> How little I have gained,
> How vast the unattained.
>
> Sweeter than any sung
> My songs that found no tongue,
> Nobler than any fact
> My wish that failed the act.
>
> Others shall sing the song,
> Others shall right the wrong—
> Finish what I begin—
> And all I fail of, win.

Brander Matthews.

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THE EQUIPMENT OF THE LITERARY MAN

ITERATURE is peculiarly cursed with amateurs. All about the stubborn old fort of real literature lean the greenhouses of the poseur. They are pretty and brittle and artistically arranged with hothouse flowers. Imagine the contempt with which the real literary man, out for a stroll on the ramparts of the sanctuary, looks down on these amusement structures which recline against the foot of the fort. His consolation is in sweeping his vision beyond and afar, abroad over the landscape of cities and peoples.

The sign of the professional is the sense of superiority over the amateur. Let the amateur remember this, and regret, if not repent.

In the second place, the beginner at literature is convinced that there is a plot of publishers against not only the author, but his public. He believes that the purblind publisher argues shortsightedly thus: The public reads more commonplace books than it reads any other kind, therefore it prefers the commonplace; then I will reject the too individual till it has become accepted. The beginner at literature believes this, I say. He is entirely right.

Though, as our inexpedient friend, Dr. Stockman, says in *An Enemy of the People,* the majority are always fools—yet this huge commonplace and every-day that we call the public is glad of a new thing in its commonplace. The public is commonplace because it was born that way. It does not wish to be commonplace. Of course, most books are not great—there is a dull majority of authors, as well as a dull majority of readers—the one is the reflection of the other. But it is at least a good sign that the public reads at all. It is only unhappy necessity that makes them read common books—there is a dearth of uncommon books. There always will be.

Certainly the publishers have a plot against the author and his public—the plot is that they judge timidly by precedents, instead of boldly by principles. Yet, this lamentable shortcoming being the fact, it fits the superior young person of "literature" to pity rather than despise. And then he should remember that good work always wins its audience at last—if long enough persisted in. We have never heard of the good work that has not.

Verily the would-be literary man should be made of bronze—if only because the publisher is wax—and the public straw.

In the third place, note carefully that there is a certain characteristic which begins where talent ends and genius commences. It is sense. A man may be clever without it, but never intellectual; brilliant, but never powerful. If he lacks this, he may be sensitive, but he is not sensible—and the first is more commonplace than the second.

The great note of this age that we call Modernity is that it witnesses the scientific overthrowing the artistic. We analyse, not dream; we think our feelings, not feel our thoughts. This, dear young philosopher, is true not only in literature. Nobody knows it yet, you say? No matter. You know it—and the minority will appreciate, if not understand—and the majority will follow the minority, as it was and ever shall be, in the path of progress. For the minority leads, though the majority rules.

In the fourth place, be honest with yourself. Out of self-deception—whether caused by semi-conscious shrinking from uncomplimentary truths or merely the result of primitive lack of analysis—has grown a great thing. Self-lies are unprolific. The unreal has no children. If a man would do great things, he must be great. (It is an unavoidable nuisance.) And the great man must not lie to his soul.

We must learn to use ourselves as alienly as a tool—to make our whole ability of every kind, a sledge, of which our will is the handle, to bang out on the anvil of this aged world the glowing shapes of dreams. Sometimes our heart is the anvil.

Fifthly, learn to use advice; never take it. In all history of great men it has been individuality that made at bottom the difference between them and other men. Perhaps there are a few persons—them-

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selves containing the seeds of either much humility or much greatness—who will and can advise another according to his ideals and nature, and not according to their own. But these men—wise counsellors, capable of stepping outside of the boundaries of their own characters—are few, and are usually more ambitious than benevolent. Few men can go beyond themselves into another man and take themselves along. When they can we call it imagination, and it usually means fame. Most men must remain within themselves, with imaginations blind beyond their own natures. The advice of such is merely what they would do, not what you should do. The difference is the difference of men.

Sixthly, work. Work is the most trite, yet huge of words. It causes a man not only to make the most of his ability—it is the only thing on earth which can make him make the most of himself—which means making a higher and broader and deeper self. Notice these three dimensions. Greatness is a solid. A man may be high, and be a lofty dreamer. He may be broad, and be a shallow philosopher. He may be deep, and be a narrow investigator. Yet, odd to say, if he have all three dimensions, he is a great man. The geometry of mind is exact, but reversed.

Perhaps none other of the sciences requires such work as literature. For this requires work which is constant, and which radiates its incessant attention in all directions. It looks out at the world, yet in into itself. It remembers books while it peers at men. It compares while it analyses, and chooses while it dreams.

There is only one consolation for all this—that it leads to more work—and that of all careers, literature most disinterestedly and personally confers the laurel upon itself.

In the seventh place, comprehend that to be new is not enough. Your work must also be old. It is not enough that it is typical of to-day, it must also be characteristic of yesterday, and therefore true of to-morrow. You must be not only new, but great. Originality may be exceedingly unimportant if it is only the local originality of little things—the mere ripple on the wave. Better be old than wee.

In the eighth place, remember that there is almost as much difference between the "work" and the "story" as there is between literature and writing. The one creates, the other only tells. A really great work is a pyramid which should be built from the top downward. Begin at the ideal, the absolutely necessary great, true thought. Then choose from all time and all races and places those human beings most deeply fit to act that thought. Then, out of these characters—out of their natures and their frictions on one another—make arise the story that would arise in reality. Do not force a plot on dummies. And, last, bring to the writing of your work the best art you can make—this is where art belongs.

Ninthly, you may be better than somebody—or everybody—else, but if you be not different, you are mediocre. Oblivion awaits the man who is merely an improvement—sometimes it is the oblivion of the classic, but it is the oblivion of the unread classic. And sometimes—saddest of all fates—men live to see their own oblivion.

Now, tenth and last, what? Perhaps there is but one last thing to say—advise yourself. See—but, still more—be. Dream, build, read and remember—yet learn what to forget. And keep in sight the fact that the true type of literary man—in an however humble sense—is He who made man of the earth and breathed into him life—not he who "sat thumping his wet clay" and heard no voice. But all these are ideals.

R. V. Risley.

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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

II French Newspapers

FIRST PAPER.

THAT the English or American conception of journalism is different from the one which obtains in France is apparent at once from the very name which originally designated periodicals in England and France. On one side was the news-letter, soon succeeded by the newspaper; on the other the gazette. The object of the former was to disseminate information, of the other to talk, nay, to prattle. The former had to be accurate, the latter to be bright. True, there was very little information to be given where the journalist was not allowed to mention either politics, or religion, or philosophy, or placemen—in short, as is said by Figaro in Beaumarchais's masterpiece, to allude to anybody that was connected with anything whatever.

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Le Petit Temps

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LA GUERRE DU TRANSVAAL

(Service spécial du Temps)

Londres, 15 décembre, 6 h., soir.

D'après une dépêche de Lourenço-Marquès, 15 décembre, à la *Westminster Gazette*, les Boers s'attendaient hier à une sortie de Ladysmith coïncidant avec l'attaque de sir Redvers Buller.

On ne dit pas que cette sortie se soit produite.

Le War Office fait de grands efforts pour hâter le départ des 6e et 7e divisions et la mobilisation de la 8e.

Une dépêche de Douvres, en date de ce soir annonce que l'artillerie volontaire des *Cinque Ports* a été prévenue aujourd'hui que ses services seraient probablement nécessaires.

Aucun nouvel arrivage d'artillerie n'aura lieu au Cap avant le 31 décembre.

Le War Office annonce que la Black Watch, régiment des royal highlanders, a perdu 111 soldats et 11 officiers prisonniers, outre 252 tués ou blessés.

L'*Investors Review* dit que depuis le commencement de la guerre sud-africaine les opérations ont été mal conduites, politiquement aussi bien que militairement. Travaillant à provoquer la guerre, M. Chamberlain n'a rien su faire pour la mener et le War Office l'a surpassé en ineptie. De là ces revers, ces quatre généraux battus à plate-couture. Et maintenant, la foule veut se venger et cherche ses victimes: il lui faut le rappel de Gatacre, de Methuen. Quant au War Office, son incapacité n'est égalée que par sa corruption sociale et financière.

« Le moment n'est pas encore venu de récriminer pas plus que de faire la paix.

« Nous avons commencé la guerre et nous voilà forcés de la continuer jusqu'à ce que nous ayons reçu la punition que nous méritons, à moins que cette nation aveuglée, égarée, ne réclame un autre gouvernement qui la tire de cette impasse. »

Lourenço-Marquès, 14 décembre.

Le 10e commando boer attaque Kuruman; la garnison tient bon.

Les dernières nouvelles de Mafeking disent que les vivres manquent et que des combats d'artillerie ont lieu journellement entre la place et les assiégeants.

Boulouwayo, 8 décembre. (Source anglaise.)

On télégraphie de Mafeking, 4 décembre:

Nous continuons à avancer nos travaux de siège vers les Boers et nous approchons de leurs abris.

Les Boers ne sont plus que 2,000, sous les ordres du général Snyman, avec quatre pièces de campagne et une de siège.

Pretoria, 15 décembre.

On reçoit de Modder River la communication suivante, relativement à la bataille de Magers fontein:

Des cavaliers porteurs de dépêches, venant du camp, rapportent que les Boers ont fait une grande quantité de butin, dont 200 fusils Lee-Medford, deux caisses de cartouches, une quantité de cartouchières pleines et des centaines de baïonnettes.

Un grand nombre d'Anglais sont partis de Twee-rivieren, se retirant dans la direction de Belmont. Les pertes des Anglais sont très considérables. Des monceaux de cadavres couvrent la plaine.

Les Boers ont perdu beaucoup de chevaux. Les sapeurs et les mineurs ont dû éprouver de nombreuses pertes, car on a trouvé beaucoup d'outils sur le champ de bataille.

Le massacre d'hier ne peut être décrit qu'en disant que c'était terrible et triste.

Cela a été une brillante victoire qui a rempli nos hommes d'un nouvel esprit, les rendant capables d'accomplir de grandes actions.

Lourenço-Marquès, 14 décembre.

Une dépêche du camp boer de Colenso, 13 décembre, dit:

Les Anglais ont fait leur apparition ce matin; ils ont commencé le bombardement du camp. Les obus se perdaient. On n'a pas riposté à leur tir.

Une vive canonnade a commencé ce matin à Ladysmith et a duré jusqu'à neuf heures.

(Service Havas)

Londres, 16 décembre.

Le War Office publie aujourd'hui une liste des pertes à Magers fontein, de laquelle il ressort que le total des pertes en officiers est de 70, et celle des hommes de troupes, 893, soit un total de 963.

Le Cap, 15 décembre.

On dit que M. Cecil Rhodes offrira une médaille à tous les soldats faisant partie des troupes opérant pour secourir Kimberley.

Sydney, 16 décembre.

Le gouvernement a télégraphié au gouverneur de la Nouvelle-Galles du Sud qu'il accepterait volontiers l'offre d'un nouveau contingent australien pour l'Afrique du Sud, et il demande que les hommes soient montés, bons tireurs, et qu'ils amènent leurs chevaux.

LA HAUTE COUR

Suite de l'audience du 16 décembre

Sur une question de Me Jarre, *M. G. Thiébaud* rappelle qu'il a été à Caen pour prendre la parole dans une réunion qu'il croit avoir été organisée par les étudiants. Quelques-uns l'ont reconduit à la gare pour le remercier, mais il ne se souvient pas de la figure de M. Brunet.

M. Brunet. — Je vous ai serré la main au moment où vous montiez en voiture.

Sur une nouvelle question, M. Thiébaud dit qu'il n'a pas eu l'impression que cette réunion fût organisée dans un but de violence, qu'il n'y a nullement entendu parler de prendre la préfecture de Caen. Ce serait un enfantillage d'y ajouter foi.

Sur une question de Me Lemarignier, M. Thiébaud dit qu'il est arrivé très tard à la réunion du théâtre de la République. Il n'a pas entendu crier: « Vive le roi! »

M. Guérin questionne le témoin au sujet de la réunion de Tivoli-Vauxhall.

M. Thiébaud dit que la tribune des orateurs était ornée de drapeaux tricolores.

Lorsque, dit-il, les anarchistes pénétrèrent dans la salle, ils arrachèrent les drapeaux et se servirent de la hampe pour nous frapper. (Bruits.)

Me Jacquemont. — A-t-on chanté des chansons républicaines ou royalistes?

R. On a chanté à tue-tête la *Marseillaise*.

M. de Sabran. — M. le procureur général a dit, il y a un instant: « Ils sont tous princes dans cette famille. » Or, ne savez-vous pas que le mot « prince » vient de « princeps, premier »? N'est-ce pas la première famille de France? (Murmures.) Messieurs, ils sont trente-deux Bourbons qui sont morts pour leur patrie.

M. Georges Thiébaud se retire.

M. Gillier, capitaine en retraite, est le premier des témoins de M. Guérin relatifs à l'affaire du fort Chabrol.

Le témoin affirme qu'un des compagnons de Guérin, Gry, n'a pas été retenu par force au fort Chabrol.

Le témoin ajoute:

On a prétendu qu'on a crié: « Vive le roi! » lors de la manifestation qui se porta de la place de l'Étoile à la place de la Concorde, le jour de la réunion à la salle Wagram. C'est M. Lasies et moi qui avons mené cette manifestation et nous avons acclamé uniquement l'armée pour répondre aux cris honteux poussés par des bandes d'anarchistes. Je suis ancien militaire. Je ne permettrai pas qu'on crie: « A bas l'armée! »

Sur question de M. Guérin, M. Gillier dit qu'il y avait déjà des armes au siège de la Ligue antisémitique, 40, rue Condorcet.

Le général Jacquey, qui a été un des négociateurs de la reddition de Guérin dès la première heure, expose les circonstances connues dans lesquelles il est intervenu.

M. Guérin. — J'ai déclaré que si la Haute Cour me faisait comparaître devant elle, je m'y rendrais de moi-même sur parole.

Le général Jacquey. — Parfaitement.

M. Guérin. — Si j'avais voulu échapper, j'aurais pu le faire comme M. Thiébaud. C'est donc de ma propre volonté que je suis ici.

Sur une nouvelle question de M. Guérin, le général Jacquey dit qu'il est exact que c'est grâce à M. Guérin que des amis de celui-ci arrêtés ont été relâchés.

Sur une question de Me Ménard, le général Jacquey affirme sur l'honneur que M. Fabre a dit: « Si le gouvernement me donne l'ordre de mettre Guérin en liberté provisoire, je le ferai. »

Le procureur général. — J'ai dit que je ne savais rien de ces pourparlers; par conséquent, ma réserve n'est pas un dissentiment.

Le général Jacquey déclare, lui aussi, avoir entendu crier « A bas l'armée! »

M. Emile Massard, directeur de la *Patrie*, qui est intervenu comme le général Jacquey dans les négociations, confirme la déposition de celui-ci.

Sur question de Me Ménard, M. Massard affirme que M. Guérin lui a dit qu'il ne tirerait jamais sur la troupe.

Il a entendu crier: « A bas l'armée! A bas la patrie! »

M. Kupferschmidt, typographe à l'immeuble du fort Chabrol, dit que M. Guérin a écrit au préfet de police pour que les ouvriers de l'imprimerie ne fussent pas inquiétés et pussent sortir librement. C'est M. Lasies qui a obtenu du ministre de l'intérieur l'autorisation de sortir.

« Jamais, dit-il, M. Guérin ne nous a retenus de force et il a fait le nécessaire pour nous nourrir jusqu'au moment de notre sortie. Lorsque les ouvriers sont sortis on les a menés au commissariat de police et de là à la préfecture de police où ils sont passés au service anthropométrique.

M. Charles Bernard, député, déclare que, dans les réunions antisémitiques, on s'occupait de questions économiques et sociales; par exemple, le bimétallisme.

Il ajoute que Guérin est fermement républicain et qu'il professe pour lui la plus grande estime.

Il n'a jamais entendu crier dans les réunions dont il s'agit: « Vive le roi! » Il ne croit pas Guérin capable de se mêler à un mouvement monarchique.

M. Gervaize, député de Meurthe-et-Moselle, a été candidat à Nancy, contre M. Maurice Barrès. Il a été soutenu par Guérin, tandis que M. Barrès était appuyé par Déroulède et Marcel Habert. La lutte a été très vive. Le témoin était antijuif. M. Barrès se déclarait socialiste.

M. Guérin, dit le témoin, est un penseur. (Mouvements.) Il a été dans les affaires. Il a souffert des juifs, ce qui explique ses opinions. C'est un homme loyal. Dans les réunions antisémitiques, il a toujours condamné les actes de violence.

M. Octave Houdaille, avocat, fournit quelques renseignements sur l'incendie volontaire dont M. Guérin a été accusé. Il dit qu'il n'y avait rien de sérieux dans cette accusation.

Me Ménard. — Quelle était l'attitude de Guérin aux réunions de la Ligue antisémitique?

R. Je pense que M. Guérin est très maître de lui, que c'est un homme qui étudie consciencieusement les questions sociales, que c'est un brave cœur et un vaillant homme.

J'ajouterai un mot: si Guérin est ici, c'est qu'il a suscité contre lui des haines terribles, qu'il a, je le crois, mis en cause une personnalité qu'il a démasquée. Cette personnalité est celle de l'homme qui, autrefois, a porté la main d'une manière criminelle sur la statue de la République à Dijon: M. de Galliffet. (Bruits divers.)

M. Morinaud, député, vient ensuite.

Sur une question de Me Ménard, il déclare qu'il a été très frappé de constater que Guérin terminait toujours sa réunion en recommandant le respect des personnes et des propriétés.

Le témoin déclare également que Guérin est très compétent en matière économique et financière.

Le témoin explique les faits qui se sont passés à Marseille lors de son retour d'Algérie, où il avait été élu député comme républicain et antisémite.

Il y avait du monde dans le port. On poussait des cris divers. Certains mêmes criaient: « A bas la calotte! » Ce qui est assez étrange, au moins en ce qui me concerne, vu que je n'ai pas fait baptiser mon enfant et que je ne me suis pas marié à l'église.

Le témoin ajoute que lorsqu'il traversait, en landau, la rue des Dames, des gens bien vêtus l'ont assailli et l'ont accablé de coups de canne.

Le président. — Restez dans les faits du procès.

Me Ménard. — Nous répondons à la déposition antérieure du commissaire de police de Marseille.

M. Morinaud. — Nous nous sommes rendus à notre hôtel, le Petit-Louvre. Un grand brouhaha s'est produit. J'ai été blessé.

Me Ménard. — Quel a été le rôle de la police?

Things have changed considerably, of course, since the times of Théophraste Renaudot and Donneau de Visé, of Desfontaines and Fréron—in short, of all the pre-Revolutionary journalists. The real newspaper may be said to have begun its career in France at the same time as the Parliament. The greatest orator of France's earliest parliamentary Assembly, Mirabeau, was also, with his *Lettres à mes Commettants,* one of the earliest masters of French journalism. And yet, in spite of all the changes that have come since, something remains of the original conception of the duties of the press; the French newspaper reader insists that his paper must be *amusant.* He takes it after his dinner, for he likes an evening better than a morning paper, and reads it for pleasure fully as much as for information, while sipping his *demi-tasse* and his pony of brandy or Chartreuse.

Great institutions, however, have their natural consequences, which cannot be avoided. In our modern free governments, as the organ of public opinion, the press is a necessity just as much as the parliament is, as the spokesman of the national will. And instances are not wanting that French newspapers early began to realise, and in critical times to perform, their mission. Without going back to the stormy times of the French Revolution, we find a great crisis in the first half of this century, in which the forces of progress were led to a victorious battle by the representatives of the press. On July 25, 1830, King Charles X. signed five decrees, or ordinances, as they were then called, which, in addition to important changes in the Constitution and electoral laws of the country, also enacted quite a new set of laws and regulations for the press. According to these ordinances, every newspaper, even those which had been in existence for a number of years,

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had to provide itself with a special license and to submit all its articles to royal censorship. The editors of liberal newspapers met and determined against obedience to the illegal orders of the king. A dignified and energetic protest was drawn up by one of their number, and after it had been adopted the question arose whether it ought to be placarded with or without individual signatures. Adolphe Thiers, then one of the editors of *Le National,* exclaimed: *"Il faut des têtes au bas"* ("Our heads must be placed below this"). And every one appended his name to the document, the effect of the publication of which was the forerunner of the fall of the dynasty. Thiers's were not empty words, moreover. Less than forty years had elapsed since heads had fallen on the scaffold for offences of far lesser weight; even since the return of the Bourbons to France in 1815 a number of men had been put to death for purely political offences, and there was no doubt that a victory of the ultra-Royalist party would be followed by a stern and merciless policy of repression.

Another incident belonging to the same period deserves to be here noticed. It was heard by the authorities that one of the most influential newspapers of the day, *Le Temps,* was being set up and about to be issued. They determined to prevent the publication of the paper, and a *commissaire de police* was sent to the publication office. Before the door of the building he met the editor, M. Baude, a man of uncommon energy and decision of character. He was asked whether he had any judicial warrant; he had none. The editor then informed him that he would be denied admittance, as no citizen's premises could be entered against his will, except by order of a court. A locksmith was sent for, and ordered by the *commissaire* to break the door open. M. Baude read to him the articles of the code against house-breaking, and the locksmith retired. Not until the man who rivetted the galley slaves' chains had been secured was it possible to effect an entrance into the building. But by that time tales of the courageous journalist's fight were current through the whole city, and the barricades which were rising everywhere told that a more serious kind of warfare was being resorted to than a war of words.

Curiously enough, *Le Temps* is still the name of a most serious, nay, of *the* most serious, organ of public opinion in France. But the daily now edited by ex-Senator Adrien Hébrard has no historical connection with M. Baude's newspaper. The old *Temps* ceased publication about 1840, and the name did not reappear in French journalism until the spring of 1861. That was one of the most important years in the history of the French press. Napoleon III. had been nearly a whole decade on the throne, and had first treated the press as an enemy. The Government of France since 1851 had been as nearly a dictatorship as was possible in a modern nation. But few newspapers were allowed to be published, and they hardly ever dared to criticise any government measure. The Liberal parties were compelled to remain silent. But after the Italian war of liberation the Imperial government, which had lost the support of the Church party by its pro-Italian policy, felt the need of offsetting that loss by at least a measure of sympathy from the Liberals. On November 24, 1860, decrees were issued, seriously relaxing the censorship of the press, and a number of Liberal journalists were authorised to establish newspapers. Among them was the ablest of the disciples of the brilliant Émile de Girardin, A. Nefftzer, who was the first editor of the present *Temps.*

The editorial staff of the new Liberal organ then almost entirely consisted of Alsatian Protestants. Chief among those who were associated with Nefftzer were Edmond Scherer, Charles Dollfus

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and Seinguerlet. Their paper soon won favour among the Liberals. The broad spirit of its management led to the introduction of every sort of legitimate attraction. Francisque Sarcey soon became its dramatic critic. Although the very reverse of socialistic, and even hardly republican, it had as its London correspondent the republican and socialistic leader, Louis Blanc, then an exile in England. When the official and semi-official organs ceased to allow Sainte-Beuve the liberty he claimed the right to use as a literary critic, *Le Temps* hastened to open its columns to him and published his last articles. Nefftzer's political leaders were models of terse prose. In short, everything that *Le Temps* published carried weight and authority. It could not be called an amusing, but it never was a dull, newspaper. It soon became the leading Parisian evening daily.

It came near receiving its death blow from the war of 1870-71. The Alsatians who edited it lost heart when their country was torn off from the French fatherland. Nefftzer especially was stunned by the blow and never recovered from it. He ceased to write, lingered for a while, and died.

In the spring of 1871 the paper was offered for sale. Adrien Hébrard, who was then its business manager, succeeded in forming a small stock company, which bought it for a song. Nobody then expected that after a few years *Le Temps* would become the greatest daily newspaper France has ever had, the one Parisian newspaper of international importance. That it reached that position is unquestionably due to the consummate skill of its chief owner and political director.

Adrien Hébrard is essentially a manager. He hardly ever writes a line in his newspaper; but he knows what is wanted by his peculiar public. His mind is open and progressive; he has given the French the largest newspaper they ever had. *Le Temps*, though far less bulky than a great English or American newspaper, is larger in size than any of its French contemporaries. It publishes only one edition, but when Parliament is in session, or when some special occasion, like the Dreyfus trial or the late trial of the conspiracy cases before the Senate seems to make it advisable, it issues late in the evening a special sheet, *Le Petit Temps*, which is given free to any holder of a copy of the larger paper and sold to others for one penny.

Le Temps is to-day unquestionably the best informed of all French newspapers. One proof of the accuracy of its informations at once suggests itself at the present moment. As early as last September it published an exhaustive review of the South African situation, the conclusion of which was that England, if she wished to conquer the Boers, would need an army of at least one hundred and fifty thousand men, and that the one hundred thousand which was then stated as the maximum England was willing to send would be totally inadequate to perform the work at hand.

Le Temps, though, cannot boast of any extensive special telegraph service. Like all the other French newspapers, it relies mainly upon the Havas agency for its despatches. But it possesses a corps of remarkably well-equipped and intelligent editorial writers, well versed in a number of foreign languages, and well acquainted with the general political history of the world, who know how to interpret what is handed to them. Some of its writers, in addition, have connections in various lands and receive letters which are never published in the newspaper itself, but enable them to know accurately the political conditions prevailing in the countries about which they have to write. The admirable leaders of Francis de Pressensé, for instance, could never have been written by him but for the hints he received from his extensive list of personal correspondents.

In regard to home politics, *Le Temps* possesses all the information it is possible to procure. There is not a department of the government where his editor does not see all doors open before him. He enjoys, moreover, the advantage of great parliamentary experience. For years he

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sat in the Senate for the Department of Haute-Garonne, of the "Conseil Général" or local legislature of which he was president, and although his personal, but not his paper's, connection, with the Panama scandal cost him both positions, his own winning personality and his paper's influence secure for him whatever is needed for the benefit of his readers.

Other members of his staff, too, are, or have been, members of Parliament; his own brother, Jacques Hébrard, was a Senator at one time for French Hindustan, at another for Corsica; another of *Le Temps's* editorial writers, Paul Delombre, sat in one of the numerous cabinets of the Third Republic. The respected ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, Henri Brisson, made years ago his journalistic *début* in *Le Temps,* and so did the late Jules Ferry.

Le Temps is essentially the newspaper of the educated bourgeoisie. It speaks with authority and studied moderation. It is stanchly republican, anti-socialistic and even anti-radical. It is moderately anti-clerical, but eschews discussions which are essentially religious. It has, however, a slight leaning toward liberal Protestantism, and is, I need hardly say, entirely free from anti-Semitism.

I must say, however, that only little attention is paid to-day to the views that it expresses. It is liked mainly, apart from the accuracy and non-sensationalism of its news, for the many things which it offers to the intellectually minded of its readers. Think, for instance, of a paper that for years published every Sunday afternoon a dramatic review of the week, signed by Francisque Sarcey; which every Saturday had a literary article by Anatole France; on another day a military causerie by General Thoumas, or an agricultural one, *La vie aux Champs,* by G. de Cherville; one that never fails to publish verbatim the speeches delivered in the French Academy, either at the "Séances de réception" or on other great occasions; that one day gives you an essay on Gladstone, by Luigi Luzzatti, and on another the first full report of a lecture by Brunetière; that prints the last pages written by the

nonagenarian Ernest Legouvé, and has nearly every historical work of interest reviewed by Albert Sorel, and that, when Sarcey disappeared, could secure as his successor as graceful a writer as Gustave Larroumet!

One more point is to be noted. Like all French evening newspapers, *Le Temps* bears the date of the following day, not the date of the day of issue.

To-day *Le Temps* has no rival. It had one, to a certain extent, until a comparatively recent time, in the *Journal des Débats.* But to-day *Les Débats,* as the paper is usually called, is only the ghost of its former self. It is an old newspaper. Its foundation goes back to the early years of the century. It has had a brilliant history. Napoleon feared it, and, in order to keep it from criticising him, compelled it to become a semi-official organ, and called it *Le Journal de l'Empire.* Later Châteaubriand in it by turns supported and attacked the government of the Bourbons and wrote the famous article "Malheureuse France! Malheureux Roi!" which clear-sighted observers considered the preface of a new revolution. It reached the acme of its importance under Louis Philippe. No one had greater influence with the King of the bourgeoisie than its owners, the Bertin brothers, especially the elder, "Bertin aîné," whose magnificent portrait by Ingres in the Louvre Museum is really representative of the whole ruling class of French society at that time. The advent of the Second Empire made the Bertins fear that their property might be confiscated again, as it had been under the First Empire; whence the excessively prudent and cautious attitude their paper preserved during the whole of that period. It was known in society then as "Le Moniteur de L'Orléanisme." It was read for the admirable quality of its French, for the political articles of Prévost-Paradol, the literary varieties of Sylvestre de Sacy, Renan, Laboulaye, the articles on political economy by Michel Chevallier, etc. Then the Third Republic came, and *Les Débats* became a house divided against itself. Part of its editorial staff remained true to the Orleans family; an-

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LE FIGARO

other part, headed by Léon Say, who was one of the chief owners of the paper, followed the evolution of Adolphe Thiers and joined the republican ranks. The result that followed was inevitable. The paper little by little lost its constituency. It was too republican for the Orleanists and too Orleanist for the republicans. Its journalistic attitude, however, remained sternly conservative. The paper continued to be made up as it was forty or fifty years ago, gave laboriously written articles, and as little in the way of news as possible. Then suddenly it decided to make a strong bid for popular favour. It reduced its price, it created an evening edition, printed on pink paper, and in an evil hour called to its help a formerly dishevelled and bohemian radical, Yves Guyot. It was all in vain. Its old readers were gone and the new ones refused to come. And yet such has been the historical prestige of *Les Débats* that a great journalist might yet revivify it, as more weight is attached to its utterances than to those of any other paper with so small a circulation.

Other papers that were great in the past have also to-day hardly more than their name to remind one of their former history—*Le Siècle,* for instance, edited to-day, as *Les Débats* was for a time, by Yves Guyot. I remember the time when every "marchand de vin" in France had to have *Le Siècle* for his customers to read. The workingman of forty years ago could hardly be got to read any other newspaper. He found there a mild form of republicanism and a strong dose of Voltaireanism, which pleased his anti-clerical instincts. *Le Siècle* was then a power. Its clever, though somewhat tedious, editor, Léonor Havin, managed to be an Opposition candidate in Paris and a Government candidate in Normandy, and to be elected in both places. When more freedom was given to the press, when it ceased to be dangerous to express advanced ideas, the masses transferred their favour to more radical sheets, and *Le Siècle's* popularity began to decline. It was, so far as I know, the first Paris political daily that erected its own building, in the Rue Chauchat. It no longer owns or occupies the building. It has lost its moorings.

Another paper that has seen brighter days is *La République Française.* It was Gambetta's newspaper, and while the great patriot lived, hundreds of provincial newspapers took their cue from its columns. Now it scatters among a small body of readers the nationalistic and protectionist doctrines of Monsieur Jules Méline!

The papers I have thus far mentioned are all more or less republican. No paper that is mainly political can have very much of a circulation in Paris if it is not republican. There are, however, a few papers of different shades of opinion that ought to be mentioned here before we speak of an entirely different class of newspapers.

Le Soleil is the chief organ of the Orleanist party. To a certain extent it is the organ of the Pretender himself. Under its former editor, the late Édouard Hervé, it maintained a high degree of literary excellence. It is not likely to remain as dignified in the future as it has hitherto been. As to its literary character, however, it bids fair to continue high, as its staff has just been joined by the versatile Jules Lemaître. François Coppée also has joined it; but although both men are members of the Académie Française, although one is honorary president and the other the real president of the "Ligue de la Patrie Française," a man of taste may like Jules Lemaître's prose and allow others to like either the prose or the poetry of François Coppée.

La Gazette de France, the oldest of French newspapers, is still the organ of what is left of the old Legitimist party. But what has the Legitimist party been since the death of the Comte de Chambord? The *Gazette* finds its way to some old châteaux, all the same, and some of its readers still think that a penitent France will some day throw itself before "Le Roy."

Le Matin
DERNIÈRES NOUVELLES DU MONDE ENTIER

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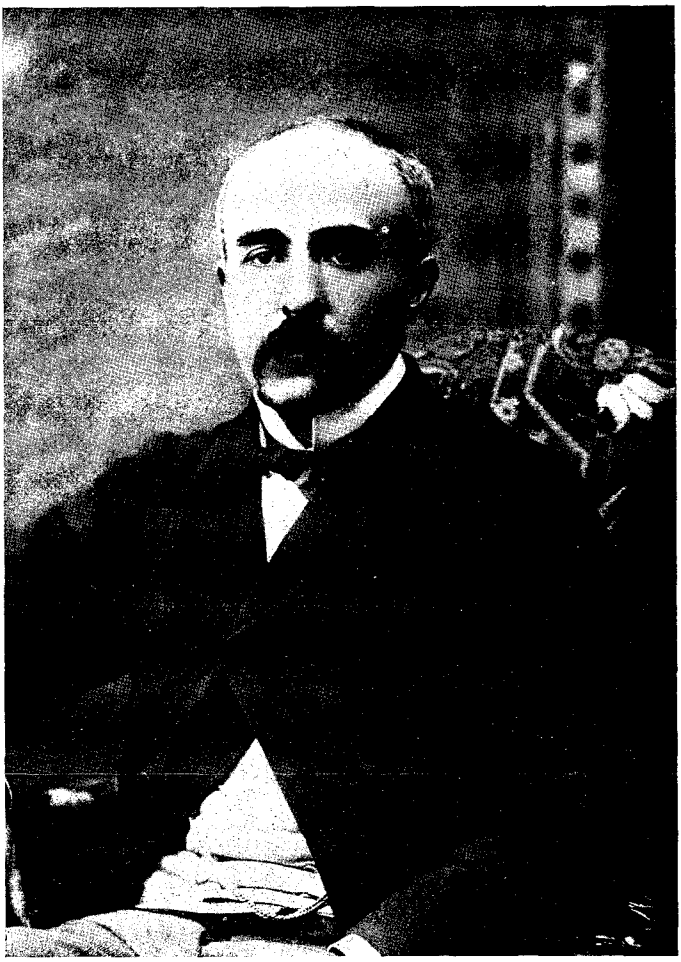
L'Univers is a newspaper of greater importance. It is usually considered to be the organ of the Vatican. It was not always so. When edited by that great writer and admirable journalist, Louis Veuillot, it claimed once to be the chief organ of Catholicism in France; whereupon the founder and editor of *Le Figaro*, Villemessant, offered to bet that his paper had more priests than *L'Univers* on its subscribers' list. And Veuillot, brave though he was, did not dare to take up the bet.

L'Univers is not essentially anti-republican. It simply looks at every question from the standpoint of the interests of the Catholic Church. To-day it advises all Catholics to follow the directions of Leo XIII., and make peace with the French Republic. But its docility to Rome does not succeed in retaining for it its religious clientèle. That clientèle seems to like something more spicy, and deserters from *L'Univers* throng around *La Libre Parole*, of which we shall speak a little farther on.



CLÉMENCEAU.

In addition to the class of newspapers hitherto mentioned, Paris possesses a vast number of other sheets of various characters, some of them, like *L'Intransigeant*, *Le Figaro* and *Le Petit Journal*, enjoying enormous circulation and popularity. They may be divided in three classes—the one-man newspapers, taken up simply because so-and-so is the editor, the Boulevard newspapers, and the penny newspapers. But midway between all these sheets and the purely political papers stands another daily of a somewhat curious character, rather non-committal in politics, the ambition of which was, when founded, to give the French public a newspaper according to the American type. Any one who to-day peruses the four small pages of *Le Matin* can at a glance see how far it is from having realised the ambitions of its founder, who was, unless I am mistaken, the owner of the New York *Herald*, Mr. James Gordon Bennett. *Le Matin* was originally to be the French edition of the Paris *Herald*. To-day the two ventures are entirely distinct from each other. The editor of *Le Matin*, M. Buneau-Varilla, a brother of the celebrated engineer, is a very enterprising man, and to him Paris owes a new departure in journalism, which is very much appreciated by a large part of the newspaper-reading public. *Le Matin* publishes every day a political leader, which is in no way expected to express the political views of the paper itself. It is a signed article due to

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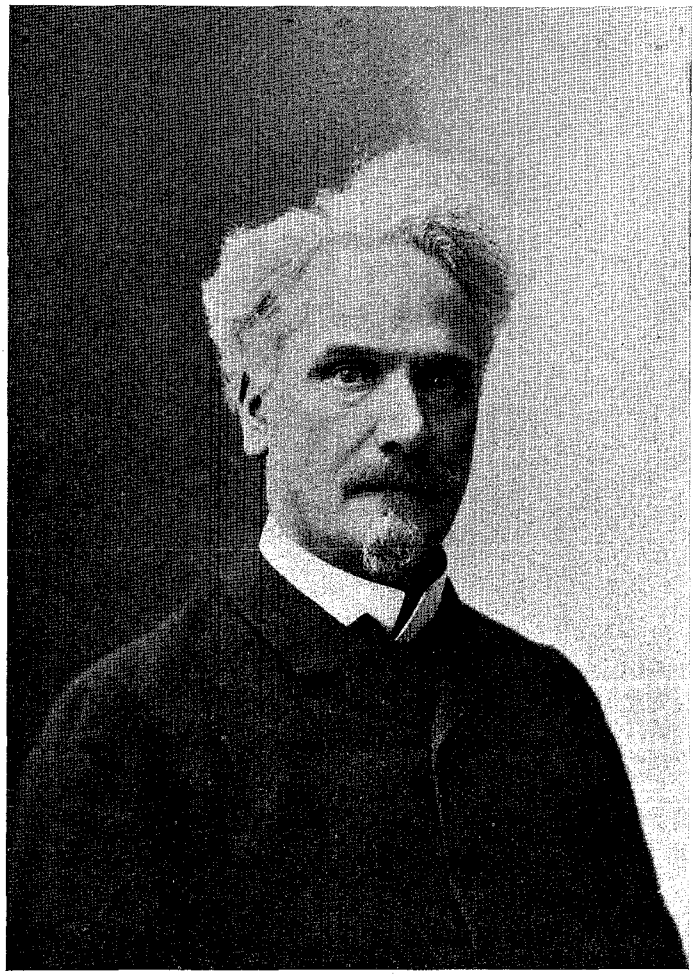

ROCHEFORT.

a journalist or a politician of reputation, one day one man, the next another. One may be a radical republican, the other a stanch Royalist or an ex-Legitimist, like M. Henri des Houx. Georges Clémenceau, J. Cornély, Jean Jaurès, a number of others, have thus contributed to *Le Matin*. This device, moreover, has been copied by a great many newspapers, especially by the one which has paid *Le Matin* the compliment of almost absolute imitation, *L'Eclair*. To justify its name, and show that it has not entirely forgotten its original purpose, *Le Matin* has a special, more or less reliable, telegraphic service. It also makes a specialty, as it is rapidly printed and at a comparatively late hour, of giving extracts from the principal articles in the other morning newspapers. It enjoys great popularity, but does not possess a particle of influence.

The one-man newspaper is a peculiar Paris institution. It owes, very likely, its existence to the enormous success which Rochefort won in 1868 when, driven by the Imperial government from every newspaper that had accepted him as a contributor, he decided to start in for himself and have a weekly periodical of which he should be the sole editor.

No one in Paris takes up a one-man newspaper for the sake of information. You get from it the smallest modicum of news. It is very easily made. You get your telegrams from the Havas Agency. You hire out your advertising columns to Fauchey, Laffitte Bullier et Cie., your financial column to some banking institution. You have a reporter or two, have your printing done by some large job-printing establishment. Success depends entirely upon the popularity of the editor. His popularity may be general or special. He may be such a writer that everybody wishes to read him either because of interest in his views or pleasure at his way of putting things and attacking his opponents, or he may be the idol of a larger or smaller set. To the former class belong *L'Intransigeant* of Henri Rochefort and *L'Autorité* of Paul de Cassagnac. They are read by thousands who are nowise in sympathy with the views they express, but they both in different degrees possess an originality of invective which tickles the *blasé* palate of the modern newspaper reader. *L'Aurore*, until recently edited by Georges Clémenceau, is also a one-man paper; so is *La Lanterne*, which owes its present importance solely to the fact that it reflects the views of Alexandre

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Millerand, the brilliant socialistic leader, who holds the portfolio of Commerce in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet. *La Petite République Française,* which will be treated of when we come to the penny newspapers, is essentially Jean Jaurès's paper. And in the same way *La Libre Parole* is the organ of Édouard Drumont. It appeals, of course, to a special public. Drumont is the most prominent anti-Semitic leader in France. He began his campaign years ago with a two-volume work, *La France Juive,* which created merriment more than anything else by the way in which the author managed to include in the Jewish race crowds of people who very likely had not a drop of Jewish blood in their veins.

DRUMONT.

We need not allude here to the causes which suddenly increased, temporarily only, we are convinced, the importance of anti-Semitism as a political factor in France. Drumont showed admirable skill in the service of a detestable cause, increasing his party's strength and pushing his own fortunes at the same time. Whether he is himself by race free from a strain of Jewish blood is an open question. But the hysterical frenzy of his race denunciation is in no way lessened by it. The basis of all his arguments is very simple: "Everything Jewish is bad; everything bad is Jewish." And variations on this theme come every day from his pen and are read by thousands whose passions are flattered by them. In certain respects, even in addition to Drumont's articles, *La Libre Parole* is an interesting paper to read. It contains items of news which are to be found nowhere else. Whether they are as true as they are original is another question.

Adolphe Cohn.

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THE NEW LEADERS IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

I The Academicians: Loeb, Sterner, Clark and Christy

THE delight and wonder with which the public gaze is fixed upon those who give expression to some admirable truth are among the strongest forms of human sympathy. The interest that seeks to disclose an existence and to penetrate a character is in itself a recognising truth, a philosopher's lantern for the human and real side of its prophets of perfection and seers of the universal. Next to the poet, perhaps, the artist most attracts this eager interest in his personality, being the interpreter of colour and form in their picturesque phases of feeling and beauty and truth. The little incidents concerning artists, embodying characteristic touches of their personality, are among the things we would least part with; they bring us in nearer association with their work, and tell the temper of their times in indelible impressions. The tale that gave rise to "as round as the O of Giotto" is a whole epitome of that proud and humorous painter, and the mind lingers as vividly over the figure of Angelo throwing up the Florentine earthworks as it does upon his Sistine pictures and Medicean marbles. These latter are local and remote, but his great and fiery personality is the possession of all; for there never was a time when fame was not love disguised and its measures proportionate. In our own times the work of one of our greatest artists, as in Angelo's case, is completely overshadowed by his personality, and it is doubtful if the thousands who read with avidity everything concerning Whistler know much or anything of his work and its importance. The written appreciation of those who contribute to our pleasure and understanding is, therefore, appropriate in its gratification to the public, and as a complement of personal insight into the work it represents. The thoughtful and genuine aspect of the pictorial interpretation of to-day is one of the most noticeable features of our literature; indeed, its effect upon literature is expansive and progressive, and it is held in such favour and regard that the name and stamp of the illustrator are as familiar as the name and style of the writer. In some instances the author and illustrator work to each other's advantage, conferring upon the mutual availability of material and even going so far as to the suggestion of types. This was true of a notable piece of fiction now running in one of the standard magazines; the artist, in trying to interpret the text and to represent the characters as the author portrayed them, found that the resulting compositions would be incongruous and ludicrous, and as it was a novel of human complexities and psychological incursions, he asked the author if it could not be changed in the descriptions to meet a more artistic treatment. After some discussion it was accomplished, one of the changes effecting a different physical conception of the heroine. The result gives us some of the most intimate and poetic drawings now appearing, and makes the accompanying pictures an irresistible incentive to the perusal of the text. This shows the value and estimate in which the illustrator is now held, and his rise in the public regard from a craftsman to an artist and a confrère of the author; he no longer stands for a policy of *laisser-faire*, but comes to the front in these days of advance with a vigour that cannot be ignored, and with a charm that refuses to be forgotten.

Whatever is new does not necessarily come under the imputation of novelty, and in the appreciation of the work and personalities of the younger leaders of illustration there will be found the application of time-honoured methods and the old-fashioned qualities of earnestness, perseverance and a serious and thoughtful searching for the real in art and nature. "I have always held," said Mr.

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Louis Loeb, "that art is the adequate expression of the human emotion. When I speak of art, I mean it in its general sense, and its expression is dependent upon the temperament of its creator. The artist cannot express more than he feels, though he may convey more than he sees, and it is this faculty of interpretation that makes him an artist." This definition might well stand for himself, for of all the illustrators now before the public, there is none who brings us nearer to an appreciation of the intangible than does Mr. Loeb. A painter first of all, and with the most sensitive and intimate apprehension of tone and colour feeling, he works out his conceptions with such mellow execution of touch and refinement of sentiment as to conceal his art in its more palpable suggestion of ethical feeling. Its appeal to the onlooker is baffling, for it is so simple and direct in its method and so sympathetic in its effect. Its very legitimacy and normality disarm one. Take most of the illustrators of to-day, and their distinction is obtrusive in its chiefest interest: Gibson for his style and exaggerated types, Remington for his movement and alert vitality, and Smedley for the conventional. These each stand for one thing that is definable, but Mr. Loeb has grasped the essentials of art and human interest, and with a finely wrought impressionistic spirit carries them fully materialised to the point of the elusive. This is because his training has been academic and severe. He has performed the drudgery of service in a lithographing establishment, becoming an apprentice at the age of thirteen in his native city of Cleveland, Ohio. He says that he was not particularly apt or clever. He was clever enough, however, to see beyond the lithographer's stone, for he organised a night class in art during these young years, having as instructor a member of the lithographing shop who had studied in Paris. Mr. Loeb filled all the other positions, both honorary and responsible, coming out of the experiment in a financial way with a penny to his credit, which he still carries as a luck-piece. His transition to New York naturally followed, attaching himself to a lithographing firm in this city, and becoming a student of the League in his nineteenth year. He became its vice-president in 1889. His mechanical foundation assured accuracy as a draughtsman, and his exuberant love of colour was fostered by his contact with Gérôme, whose pupil he was in Paris. But facile as Mr. Loeb is as a draughtsman, one is seldom conscious of line in his work, although it is by his clever and subtle employment of form that he conveys his impression and obtains his most telling effects. He has evolved a treatment of mass and line effect that is Delsartean in its suggestion; this is apparent by a reference to the figure of "Evening," used

LOUIS LOEB.
From original by Albert Sterner.

as a frontispiece in this number, in which the curving and enveloping draperies, the swerving body with the swaying movement of the head and limbs, carry out the soft and enshrouding time of twilight. Even the shape of the foreground crest with the bending grasses conforms to this idea. Mr. Loeb discusses this in the most practical manner; he considers the inspiration as fundamental, and works up to the result with minute regard to everything bearing on his subject. If he is illustrating an article or a story, the scene of which is typical, he visits the

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THE MONKS. BY ALBERT STERNER.

place and spends sufficient time among the people dealt with in the written text to get characteristic impressions and types. These he supplements by bits of architectural drawings, by rough sketches and written notes, which are eventually used as the completed memoranda from which he does his finished work. He avoids mere accuracy of detail, believing that the fine essence of characteristic impression is lost in elaboration. For this reason he seldom makes his drawings at the place represented, often allowing the obtained impressions to lie fallow for a time in order to get a truer proportion. He cares most

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for dramatic situations, and for that reason prefers stories for his subject-matter. Among the pleasant commissions Mr. Loeb has undertaken with authors was one through the mountains of Kentucky with John Fox to prepare the drawings for *The Cumberland Vendetta,* and another, which he did *con amore,* was with Mr. Thomas A. Janvier to Avignon, when the Greek plays were produced there in 1896. The *Century Magazine* had sent them on this mission, and later engaged Mr. Loeb to furnish the drawings representing *The Passion Play,* given at Vorder-Thiersee in the same year. These two undertakings were significant of Mr. Loeb's classical tendency, although since then he has had an exploitation of versatility in the pages of *Harper's,* where most of his best work is to be found. As a painter, also, he has sustained his fame; perhaps he cares most for it as a painter, in his first year in Paris taking the *premier prix d'atelier* at the Beaux Arts, and having his pictures on the line at the Salon. In the Salon of 1896 he exhibited two portraits, one of which received honourable mention. He is also an exhibitor in this country, the red chalk drawing of a woman herewith reproduced being the original study for a charming water-colour for the Spring exhibition of the Water-Colour Society. An intimately appreciative portrait of Zangwill is one of the latest pieces from his easel.

PEASANT WOMAN. BY ALBERT STERNER.

In many ways the work of Mr. Albert Sterner partakes of the same qualities that distinguish Mr. Loeb; there are the same elements of peace and calm quiet, the haunting reverence of beauty, and the same subtility of treatment, but the differentiation is noticeable in its application. Mr. Sterner says of himself that he has an enormous sense of the human, and he has more daring intrusion of line in consequence. In looking over some drawings done at the age of twelve, one of a sheep attracted attention because of the realistic handling of the fleece. The indicating lines were jagged and childish, but they admirably conveyed the idea of the curling wool. "I wanted to get it down as I *saw* it," he exclaimed; "I was not trying to make a picture, but to put down just what I saw." And this is what he is still doing, putting down what he sees just as he sees it. Mr. Loeb makes a transcription of what he feels, and Mr. Sterner of what he sees.

Mr. Sterner also began his art in a lithographic establishment, having previously enjoyed a scholarship in the Art Institute of Birmingham, England, where his younger years were passed. He was born in London of American parents, who returned to this country when their artist son was eighteen years of age. They were averse to an art career for him, as they were engaged in

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STUDY IN RED CHALK. BY LOUIS LOEB.

commerce, but the desire for art strengthened his perseverance and courage, and he made the steps to it by lithography, scene painting, iron designing, drawing on wood—anything to establish himself. After a time he entered the Julian studio at Paris, under the direct tutelage of Boulanger and Lefèvre, and later he became a student at the Beaux Arts. His training had gone through all the elements of a rigorous thoroughness, and its quality was recognised by his work being received at the Champs de Mars and an honourable mention being bestowed on "The Bachelor" at the Champs Elysées. He was the painter in those days, and he chooses to be known as the painter now, although the demand on his time as an illustrator gives him little opportunity for an indulgence in colour work. One must be an artist to be a good illustrator, he says, and refers to the fact that nearly all of the great artists have incidentally done illustrating. His own work is always from the artist's standpoint; it exists as a series of exquisite pictures apart from the text, each telling its own tale. One perceives this sensibly in studying his drawings for the poems and stories of Edgar Allan Poe in the edition published by Herbert Stone and Company, and more recently in the drawings for Mrs. Ward's *Elinor*, now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*. The poetic weirdness of Poe, lyric even in his prose, and the questioning complexity of Mrs. Ward have been set forth as a focussing of essences in a series of pictures that fully illuminate

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MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

the text, and yet hold their own intelligible sufficiency. These *Elinor* drawings vividly suggest the supremacy of the soul, and seem to have brought Mr. Sterner to a climax of the psychic and poetic tendencies that have manifested themselves in his earlier work. However, it has been the creative moods of the fancy that have secured his best elucidations, his first success being George William Curtis's *Prue and I*.

Mr. Sterner thinks that every good artist is an impressionist—that he gives the essences of his impressions. In illustrating, he first reads the manuscript to get a general impression of it, and then he re-reads it and makes notes. His first sketches are of the vaguest kind of composition lines; they are afterward carefully elaborated as they are gradually thought out, although every appearance of labour is avoided, as few lines as may

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HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

express the idea being used. He believes that the most autographic medium should be used, in order to get away from the mechanical. Personally, he is fond of pen and ink; but most publishers like wash for its reproductive qualities. The *Elinor* drawings are in crayon.

Goethe's saying that the connoisseur always exclaimed upon entering the picture gallery, "Show me the best," is the instinctive plea that genius makes to youth. What is genius is one of the things that have never been decided, but I think there is only one person of art appreciation who would deny the elements of genius to Walter Appleton Clark, and in his patient plea for the best he takes upon himself one of the requirements of genius—perseverance. Less than twenty-five years of age, with a purely local art-training of some three years, he has established himself as one of the leading illustrators of the day, among men who have been met on the pages of the leading periodicals and publications for years. He was taken from the class room to illustrate a story of Kipling's for *Scribner's Magazine,* whose art editor was attracted by a picture he encountered of the young student's on the walls of the League. That was but several years after he came to this city from his home at Worcester, Massachusetts. The Scribners have kept him busy ever since—as busy as he allows himself to be. For he has taken himself too seriously to make pot boilers, nor will he surrender his work until he brings it to that state of perfection that he originally conceives. There are no end of stories that are told of his patience and self-exaction and infinite care as to details. Once, it is said, he worked six months upon seven drawings, and in getting a type for one of his conceptions he used eight models to furnish the different parts of the character—one for the head, another for the hands, and so on. Those who have seen Kenneth Grahame's *Saga of the Seas,* and have been captivated by the ideal figure of a boatswain in its pages, will not deny that the result justified the labour. For Mr. Clark's strong point is his execution; he has a nice, clean dexterity of touch, employed with mobility and ease. In finish he obtains the feeling noticeable in the colour work of Vibert, and his compositions are handled with the adroitness of Fortuny, with less dash, however, but with more delicate sympathy and refinement.

Mr. Clark's manner of work is apparent; it is begun with the thinnest application and carefully carried up to definition. The line effect is thus totally concealed, the differentiation of value in flesh or fabric and background being so subtly transferred that its quality may only be noticed in the masses, but it is, nevertheless, felt in the most sensitive way. He always pays special attention in his composition as to character of story, the balance of the page and general arrangement.

The same searching care that distinguishes his art is employed in his selection of models. He walks the streets, haunts the docks, the parks—anywhere for the corporeal embodiment of his conceptions, often getting men to his studio who afterward suspect that he has sinister designs upon them, when they incontinently decamp.

In addition to the illustrating commissions of Mr. Clark, he has classes at the Art Student's League, one at Cooper Union, and one at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

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If anything could be more opposed to the manner of Mr. Clark, it is the flexible facility of Howard Chandler Christy. His art quivers on his finger-tips. If one were captious with either of these young illustrators, it would be with the painstaking qualities of the one, and the almost disdainful facility of the other, yet both have the same technical equipment. Mr. Christy established his reputation by his Cuban pictures, and types of the navy and army men, done for the Scribners, who had sent him to Cuba during the Santiago campaign. He had done the usual commissions of young illustrators before that time, laying the foundation for his art career by a short session of instruction at the Academy of Design, where he took two prizes in draughtsmanship—the first, by the way, ever offered by that institution. He is a New Yorker by birth, and is still in his early twenties. His nature is boyish and naïve, and his unaffected simplicity and intensely human sympathies give his art its directest and most irresistible charm. He works with love of it, delighted when he obtains an effect, and spontaneously enthusiastic over his career.

Christy's art is of a high romanticism in conception and academic in its execution. With Sargent, that cleverest of technicians, as an ideal, Mr. Christy makes his technical facility distinctive. With this he has made due regard to the frivolous, and rescued the familiar from its conventionality. It is this artistic expression of the familiar, employed with a dashing style, guided with admirable restraint and delicacy, that makes the strongest of popular appeals. This has given such charm to the women he has recently drawn that he has been hailed as the successor of Gibson, and has become the idol of the college boys in consequence. Mr. Christy likes men who are chivalrous with plenty of *savoir faire,* and women of picturesque and aristocratic appearance. As for his art, it, too, is in its enthusiastic stage; he loves to experiment with different mediums, to work with colour and to get warmth and melody and interesting phases of value in his compositions. The two drawings of Mr. Christy are hardly representative, as his compositions are spirited and realistic

WALTER APPLETON CLARK. BY HIMSELF.

to a degree; but the sketch he has done of himself is characteristic, and the effective simplicity of the drawing of his wife, with her young beauty and high-bred charm, are as desirable from a human standpoint as his more pretentious work. The qualities of style, ease and value are discernible, however.

The academic tendency in illustrating is one of its most encouraging forms; it is not enough to give interpretation, but to give it in its most artistic form, with its unalienable essence of culture. It is not enough to record nature, but by the finished devices of art in its happy inspiration to make us see that the elusive is indeed a reality, and may be expressed. These four men, Loeb, Sterner, Clark and Christy, stand for absolutism in their execution; Loeb with his intimate sense of feeling and beauty, Sterner with his poetic and vital interpretation of realism —both he and Loeb with rare intelligence of conception—Clark with his mobility and sympathy of form and value, and Christy with his style and facility; classed together, they are typical of a tendency, yet each represents an individual expression of it.

Regina Armstrong.

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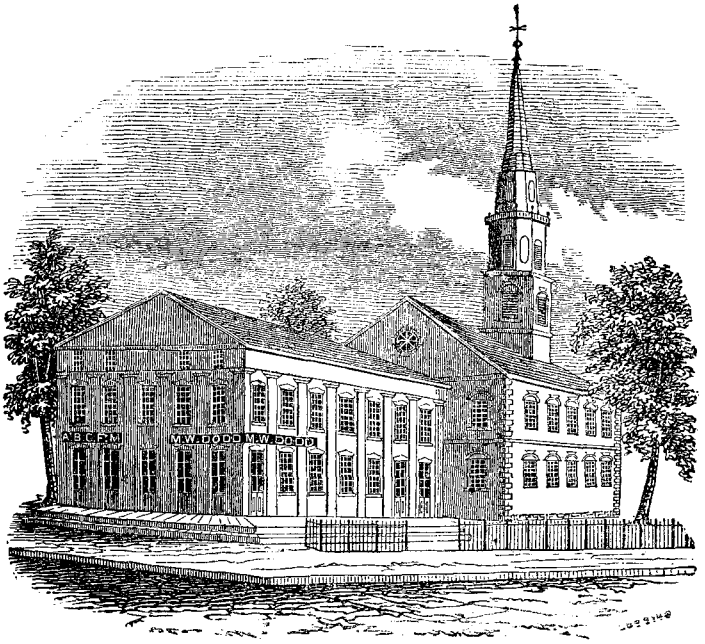
SOME PIONEER NEW YORK PUBLISHERS

I.

DURING the first few years of the present century the book trade of New York began to move northward from the neighbourhood of Hanover Square and Old Slip, and to centre about the streets adjoining Franklin Square, where the house of Harper has remained since its foundation in 1817, and which is still the district of the printing houses. Among existing publishers the pioneers of this movement were the Methodist Book Concern and Samuel Wood, the founder of the present house of William Wood and Company. The Book Concern was established in a small room in Gold Street. It had been founded in Philadelphia in 1789, five years after the formal organisation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with the Rev. John Dickins as "book steward." Mr. Dickins died in 1789 with yellow fever, and the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper was requested by Bishop Asbury and the Philadelphia Conference to take up the work. Examining the financial conditions, and finding that the Book Concern was $4500 in debt, he refused the task, and for nearly nine months the business was practically suspended. In May, 1799, Mr. Cooper was again urged to undertake the work, and this time reluctantly consented. In 1802 difficulties arose in the Philadelphia church; and at the Philadelphia Annual Conference, held at Smyrna, Delaware, in May, 1803, it was resolved that the Book Concern be removed to Baltimore. Mr. Cooper positively refused to accede to this demand, urging that the Conference had no authority to order the removal, that such a removal was not for the interests of the Book Concern, that neither the people nor preachers of Baltimore had asked for the transfer. The matter ended in the establishment of the Book Concern in New York in 1804. In 1808, the year in which the Rev. John Wilson was elected agent, the business was removed from Gold Street to a small house in Pearl Street. Two years later a much longer step was taken, and the effects of the Book Concern were transferred to a building at the corner of Church and White Streets.



BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, NASSAU STREET AND PARK ROW.

The first home of the firm of William Wood and Company, established the same year that the Methodist Book Concern came to New York, was number 261 Pearl Street. In 1815 Samuel Wood took in as partners his sons, Samuel S. and John. To this period also belonged James and Thomas Swords, the first New York bookmakers who were distinctively publishers; Evart A. Duyckinck, the compiler of a cyclopædia of American literature, and years after the editor of the library of choice reading published by Wiley and Putnam. The shop of Charles Wiley, another

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another prominent printer of this period, was a meeting place for the literary wits.

II.

The decade of 1810-20 was notable for the many improvements and advances in practical bookmaking. In 1813 practical stereotyping, which had been begun in Europe some years before, was introduced into this country. The first book produced in America by this process was probably *The Larger Catechism of the Westminster Assembly,* published by J. Watts and Company, of New York. In 1817 the old wooden presses began to be replaced by those made of iron. Lithography was introduced in 1819. During the next decade the advance was equally swift and striking. It was about 1825 that the publishers turned their attention to the methods by which binding might be cheapened, and that the use of muslin was introduced. In 1829 the first cylinder press was used in America.

With a few notable exceptions, the Methodist Book Concern has, during the greater part of its history, confined itself strictly to the publication of books of religious character. William Wood and Company have always made a specialty of medical books. It was in 1817 that the first of the existing publishing houses of general literature was founded. The original establishment of John and James Harper was in a square, three-story brick building at Number 82 Cliff Street. James and John Harper were the oldest of four sons of Joseph Harper, a house carpenter of Newtown, Long Island, and his wife, Elizabeth Colyer. At the age of sixteen James was apprenticed to Messrs. Paul and Thomas, printers, whose shop was at Burling's Slip and Water Street. One of his fellow-apprentices was Thurlow Weed, and the two young men became lifelong friends. Mr. J. C. Derby, in his *Fifty Years Among Authors, Books and Publishers,* tells several stories illustrative of James Harper's early industry and fidelity. He was acknowledged to be the best and quickest pressman in New York at a time when steam had not been applied to machinery.

John Harper was apprenticed to a printer by the name of John Seymour.

M. W. DODD.

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GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

When their apprenticeship was at an end the brothers started in business for themselves as printers and publishers. At this time James was twenty-two and John twenty years of age. Soon after the younger brothers, Joseph Wesley, commonly called Wesley, and Fletcher, were taken into their employ. In 1833, Wesley and Fletcher having been made partners, the firm name was changed to Harper and Brothers. Meanwhile, the Methodist Book Concern had been moved from its quarters at Church and White Streets to John Street, thence to Chatham Square, and again later to Fulton Street. The last-mentioned change of location took place in 1824.

III.

The following year marked the foundation of the house of D. Appleton and Company. Daniel Appleton was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1785. He began business as a merchant in his native town, and was subsequently engaged in the dry-goods trade in Boston and New York. When he determined to embark in the business of publishing books, he induced his brother-in-law, Jonathan Leavitt, a bookbinder, to join him in the venture. The first shop of Appleton and Company was in Exchange Place, near Hanover Square. Directly opposite was the Post Office and the Exchange Building, now the Custom House. In 1825 this was still the fashionable quarter of the city for retail trade. The partnership lasted for five years. At its expiration Jonathan Leavitt continued the bookselling business on his own account at the corner of Broadway and John Street; while Daniel Appleton removed with his stock to what was then known as Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street.

It was during the four or five years preceding, that the first romances of Fenimore Cooper had been coming out. They took the American reading public by storm, and provoked the cry that the author was a new Sir Walter Scott. These books were published by Charles Wiley. *The Spy* appeared in 1821; *The Pioneers,* the first Leather Stocking tale written, the fourth in historical order, in 1823; *The Pilot,* the first of Cooper's sea stories, in 1824. Cooper's friendship for Wiley made him a frequent visitor to the latter's shop, and brought thither a number of the well-known literary men of the period. Among those who were accustomed to meet in the little room in the rear of the shop were William Cullen Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, J. C. Verplanck, Chancellor Kent, Mordecai N. Noah and Colonel William L. Stone. The room set apart for them was known as the Literary Den. The Bread and Cheese Club, formed about the same time under Cooper's leadership, met in the Washington Hotel at Broadway and Chambers Street. Members were admitted by bread and cheese. If during the voting when a name was up for admission any cheese was found on the plates the candidate was rejected.

The years following 1825 were exceedingly fruitful in new ventures in the publishing of books. The business of D. G. Francis was established in 1826, that of Van Nostrand and White in 1830, that of John Wiley and Sons in 1832, that of John F. Trow in 1836. All these were publishers destined to remain for many years. The firm of Ivison and Company dates from 1831, but the business was originally established in Auburn, where it remained for many years. In 1836 the present firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons was

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established in a shop in Nassau Street. The firm was originally Wiley, Long and Putnam, and later Wiley and Putnam. George Palmer Putnam was born in Brunswick, Maine, in 1814. At the age of fourteen he was employed by George W. Bleecker in a small book-store on Ann Street at a salary of twenty-five dollars a year, with board and lodging. About 1830 he was the chief clerk in what was known as the Literary Emporium on Park Place. Two years later he was employed by Jonathan Leavitt, who, after severing his partnership with Daniel Appleton, had become the leading publisher of religious works in the city. G. P. Putnam had been a hard student, supplementing his labours of the day by reading far into the night, and in 1833 the first result of this rigorous self-education, *Chronology: An Introduction and Index to Universal History,* which was the foundation of *The World's Progress,* was published by Leavitt.

A year later he began the publication of the *Booksellers' Advertiser*, the first journal of the American book trade. It was a register of new publications appearing monthly. To the firm of Wiley, Long and Putnam he brought his wide knowledge of books, authors and publishers, and a cash capital of $150. In

DANIEL APPLETON.

J. J. HARPER.

1837 he took part in the organisation of the first American Copyright Committee, for which he served as secretary. In 1838 the firm of A. S. Barnes and Company, launched in New York in 1845, was established in Hartford, Connecticut, in which city Alfred S. Barnes had begun his career at the age of sixteen as a clerk in the book-publishing house of D. F. Robinson and Company. This house was removed to New York in 1835. Under the firm name of Robinson, Pratt and Company it carried on business in Pearl Street, and soon became one of the largest book jobbing houses in the country. The year 1839 marked the founding of the present house of Dodd, Mead and Company.

IV.

The first home of the present house of Dodd, Mead and Company was in the old Dutch chapel at the corner of Nassau Street and Park Row, the site of which is now occupied by the *Times* Building. The founder of the house, Moses W. Dodd, was born November 11, 1813, at Bloomfield, New Jersey. He was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1837, and entered the Theological Seminary. His course was

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interrupted by a severe illness, and he did not go into the ministry, but formed in 1839 a partnership with John S. Taylor, who was at that time one of the leading publishers of theological books in New York. At the time the partnership was formed the chapel at Park Row and Nassau Street was very near the centre of a city of which the northern boundary was about Washington Square. The New York of that time can be suggested in a few brief paragraphs. The decade of 1832-40 is of unique interest as marking the passing of the old Knickerbocker life, with its quaint customs and its tone of land-holding aristocracy. The oldest and best families had their homes in Park Place, Beekman, Murray, Warren, Chambers and Barclay Streets, although the tendency to migration to Greenwich Village and suburban Washington Square was already apparent. In 1839 Aaron Clark was succeeded as the Mayor of the city by Isaac L. Berrian. The Tompkins Blues and the Pulaski Cadets still paraded in Battery Park. The fashionable promenade was Broadway, from Bowling Green to Bleecker Street. The gravelled, shady paths and somewhat irregular plots of grass of the Battery were beginning to lose much of their attraction for the fashionable New Yorker. The beaux of the period dressed to a man in black—high, heavy, bell-crowned beaver, wide satin stocks, short-waisted frock-coats, skin-tight pantaloons with straps, black gloves and canes. The New Yorker's tailor, if his pretensions to fashion were well founded, was of necessity Elmendorf, or Brundage, or Wheeler, or Tryon and Derby; his hatter, St. John, and his bootmakers, Kimball and Rogers. The belle's attire was only a little less circumscribed in the matter of style and colour. The newspaper-reading New Yorker had among the journals which are still in existence the *Commercial Advertiser,* the *Evening Post,* the *Sun,* which had been established six years before, in 1833, by Benjamin Franklin Day, and the *Herald,* which was founded by the elder Bennett in 1835. In 1839 Horace Greeley was editing the *Weekly New Yorker;* two years later he was to establish the *Tribune,* to be published by Greeley and McElrath.

The partnership between Moses W. Dodd and John S. Taylor was dissolved in 1840, but Mr. Dodd carried on the business in the Brick Church Chapel building until 1856, when he removed to 506 Broadway, near Spring Street. In his store at Park Row and Nassau Street was kept a register of the names and addresses of the visitors to New York who annually attended the May anniversaries. A type-casting machine had been invented in 1838 by David Bruce, Jr., son of the pioneer in stereotyping; 1843 was notable as being the year in which the development of wood-engraving was illustrated by the publication of Harper's *Pictorial Bible* and the *Verplanck Shakespeare.* Over twenty-five hundred pictures, a number unheard of in those days, were contained in those two works. In 1841 a London branch of the firm of Wiley and Putnam was established in offices in Paternoster Row. This was the first American book house in Great Britain, although Daniel Appleton, when in London a few years before, had established an agency for his house at 16 Little Britain Street. In the following year Wiley and Putnam removed their stock from their first shop in Nassau Street and established themselves at 161 Broadway. Five years before this the first American Copyright Committee was organised. George P. Putnam served the committee as secretary, and with the cause he was closely associated throughout his life. Fifty or sixty years ago the absence of any general copyright arrangements between Great Britain and the United States was proportionately much more disadvantageous to English publishers and authors than would be the case at the present day if copyright did not exist. This situation was felt keenly in England, and prejudice against American publishers was cultivated in all the British publishing centres. Alison's *History of Europe* contained unfriendly statements concerning the progress of literature in the United States, that provoked wide comment and discussion. In 1845 Mr. Putnam published his *American Facts,* designed to set forth the American version of the matter. The following is the title-page of this book, which was published both in London and New York:

American Facts. Notes and Statistics Relative to the Government, Resources, En-

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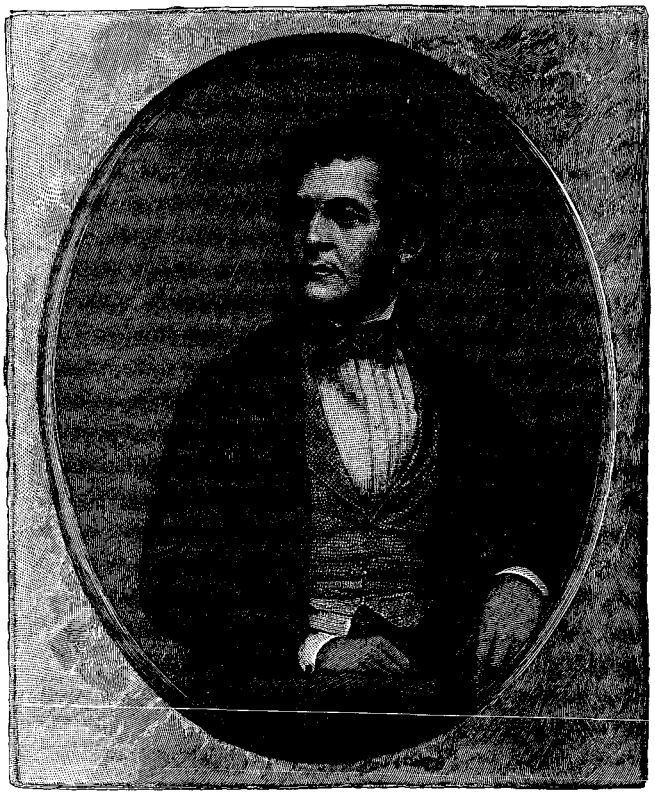
gagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners and Customs of the United States of America. By George Palmer Putnam, Member of the New York Historical Society, Hon. Member of the Connecticut Historical Society, Hon. Secretary of the American Art Union. Author of an Introduction to History, etc. With Portraits and a Map. London: Wiley & Putnam, 6 Waterloo Place, and 161 Broadway, New York, 1845.



CHARLES SCRIBNER.

Another publisher who did much to further pleasant feeling between America and Great Britain was Mr. Daniel Appleton. Mr. J. C. Derby relates the following anecdote:

One day while in London Mr. Daniel Appleton called upon a Mr. Duncan, then a book publisher of some renown, doing business in Paternoster Row. He was a publisher of an edition of the Hebrew Bible, of which Mr. Appleton wanted several hundred copies, but desired a credit of three or four months. Mr. Duncan declined to sell on time, telling Mr. Appleton that he had made up his mind not to give credit to any Americans again, as he had lost too much money by them already. Mr. Appleton replied, "Did you say you have lost a great deal of money by American booksellers?" Duncan then said, "Yes, I do." "Well," said Mr. Appleton, "if you will make out your account against any or all the American booksellers by whom you have lost money, limited as my available means are at present, I will give you a draft for the whole amount at once." Mr. Duncan, with much surprise, then said, "What do you mean? The amount due from them is too large. You could not possibly pay it." Mr. Appleton said, "Let me have the accounts and I will pay them at once." Mr. Duncan then presented the names and the amounts due from the American debtors. After Mr. Appleton had looked over the list he said, "These are not Americans! Every one of them are Englishmen who are brought up here in Paternoster Row, and sent to America to act as your agents for the sale of your books. I don't propose to pay for *them!* I want the accounts against the American publishers." Mr. Duncan, thus brought to bay, said, "Mr. Appleton, you have got me this time; there is a difference, and you shall have all the books and credit desired."

The year 1846 marked the establishment of the last of the great publishing houses which have been indissolubly linked with the history of the city of New York. In that year Charles Scribner, Sr., associated himself with Isaac D. Baker in the publishing and selling of books, under the firm name of Baker and Scribner. He was then a man of twenty-five, a graduate of Princeton, who had studied law in the offices of Benjamin F. Butler and Charles King, of New York, but had been obliged to give up the practice of his profession on account of temporary ill-health. His grandfather had been a Congregational minister, graduated at Yale, and his father a prosperous New York merchant. He himself was possessed of strong literary proclivities and had travelled widely in Europe.

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Baker and Scribner occupied a part of the chapel of the old Brick Church at Nassau Street and Park Row, immediately adjoining the original home of Dodd, Mead and Company. One of their clerks was Andrew C. Armstrong, who nearly twenty years later became a partner of Mr. Scribner. In 1850 Mr. Baker retired from the firm. On the 27th of March, 1849, died Daniel Appleton, the founder of the house of Appleton, at the age of sixty-four. The previous year he had retired from active business, giving his name and experience to his sons. From the original home at Number 16 Exchange Place the Appletons had removed to what was then known as Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street, and thence to 200 Broadway. It was while here that several of their more extended works were begun, including their editions of the Prayer Book, Ure's *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines,* and American editions of Byron and Moore.

In 1844 the people of New York elected a publisher mayor in the person of James Harper, and there have survived many stories of his strange and whimsical humour while in office. The following year marked the return of Mr. A. S. Barnes from Philadelphia, and his permanent establishment as a New York publisher. To the firm of A. S. Barnes and Company New Yorkers owe that important and exhaustive work, Martha Lamb's *History of the City of New York,* the product of twenty years' literary application.

Firmin Dredd.

GIMON

A QUESTION.

A lessening moon is rising into the eastern sky;
Away to the sheltering foot-hills the raucous herons fly;
On the shore there is never a ripple save where the rushes sigh.

Your shadow softly falls on the shining sands of the beach;
Swaying and dipping above us are the boughs of a flowering peach;
And the secrets the night-wind whispers are sweeter than all speech.

What are your dark eyes saying, O-Shiroi-Fuji-San?
They are full of mysterious meanings that I—ah, well, that I can
But half understand, O daughter of exquisite Japan!

For there is a subtle difference between your soul and mine,
The baffling sense of something I can feel but not define,
A strange enchanting mystery I never shall divine.

I have learned the colour of pear blooms in the gilded temple dusk,
The flavour of sugared peach pits, the odour of burning musk,
And the silver gleam of the beech-nut as it slips from the broken husk.

I know the sibilant sound of the sweep of your unbound hair,
And every scale on a dragon that lurks in a silken lair,
In the folds of a crimson obi I have often seen you wear.

All this I know, and more—even a word or two
Of musical Japanese have I learned to say to you;
Yet here is a phantom knowledge that tireless I pursue.

. . . Sweet, shall I ever the presage of your reveries surprise,
Or read the unspoken words in the depths of your mocking eyes?

Ethel Morse.

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PAUL LEICESTER FORD*

SINCE he came into wide public notice, through the success of *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has occupied a position exceedingly difficult to define from a literary standpoint. To the dilettante his work has had but little meaning. His books have been of the kind that invite, unfortunately, only a certain sort of very inadequate attention from literary critics. To those who for various reasons delight to harp upon the term "culture" he appeals not at all. On the other hand, to a great many men and women of more or less sound education and honest likes and dislikes he is one of the most striking, dominant and interesting figures in contemporary American literature.

In many respects his position may be compared to that of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Like Mr. Davis, his books have provoked the comment, at once blasting and puerile, that "they are not literature;" that his Peter Stirling and Mr. Davis's Van Bibber, while immensely interesting in their respective stations in life, had no real depth and vitality, but were merely the representative mouthpieces of certain attitudes and ideas. All this is in a measure quite true. *The Honourable Peter Stirling* was in no sense a work of art. It was totally without symmetry. It had little or no style. Much of its dialogue and some of its characters were meaningless and impossible. But, at the same time, both Mr. Ford and Mr. Davis have the satisfaction of knowing that the success of their work depends on no sham or pretence; that its popularity has been won despite and not by reason of the inanities of the "Culture Club," and that their books have sold into the hundreds of thousands because they had real stories to tell and told them in a manner that interested perfectly honest and unaffected readers. These two men, probably more than any others before the reading public to-day, stand as evidence of the futility of the campaign of the hypercritical. Literature that is intrinsically great must have to those who read its meaning, and better far *The Honourable Peter Stirling* or *The Soldiers of Fortune* between the hands of a sincere lover of a good story than Maeterlinck or Meredith at the mercy of the half-educated *précieuse*. Mr. Ford has his place in contemporary American literature—a place which will ultimately be recognised; just the same as Mr. Davis is certain some day to be seriously considered both as a man and as an amuser, when criticism shall give us a real being, instead of the stilted creature whose utterances, if we are to rely upon popular anecdote, are confined to iteration and reiteration of the phrase "Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me."

There is no doubt that a great deal of the popularity of *The Honourable Peter Stirling* was due to the universal recognition of its hero as a portrait of Mr. Grover Cleveland. Beyond this the general reading public found in it a new story graphically and vigorously told. They did not analyse, but nevertheless appreciated unconsciously, the originality which brought before them a phase of their common, every-day life which had hitherto been deemed too uninteresting and *bourgeois* for literary treatment. They did not pause to think over the influences which led the author to the adoption of his theme; but they read the story he told; they knew the life which it depicted; the primary, the "boss," legislatures, conventions, delegates, ward politics, were factors in their day-to-day existence.

The first note that strikes one who reads Mr. Ford's work with any degree of care is its obvious spontaneity. His books lack entirely that air of polish which comes with much revision. He is prone to be superfluous. There are bits of description, passages of dialogue in his stories, which might be lopped away, not merely not injuring the harmony and strength of the narrative, but really bringing to it greater coherence and force. On the other hand, to this spontaneity is due undoubtedly much of what is best and most convincing in his writing. To it we owe at once the meaningless and rather sloppy chapters which

*Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

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PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

treat of the love of Peter Stirling for Leonore D'Alloi and the vigorous and virile pictures of the politics of the Sixth Ward. In cases like the latter he has that faculty which he ascribes to Peter Stirling—"He makes people see things." Take, for instance, that part of the book which tells of the trial of Coldman for the sale of the diseased milk. How simple it is, and yet how fine and big and sincere!

The event of the trial came, however, when Peter summed up. He spoke quietly, in the simplest language, using few adjectives and no invectives. But as the girl at the Pierce's dinner had said, "He describes things so that one sees them." He told of the fever-stricken cows, and he told of the little fever-stricken children in such a way that the audience sobbed; his clients almost had to be ordered out of court; the man next Dummer mopped his eyes with his handkerchief; the judge and jury thoughtfully covered their eyes (so as to think the better); the reporters found difficulty (owing to the glary light) in writing the words, despite their determination not to miss one; and even the prisoner wiped his eyes in his sleeve. Peter was unconscious that he was making a great speech; great in its simplicity, and great in its pathos. He afterward said he had not given it a moment's thought and had

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merely said what he felt. Perhaps his conclusion indicated why he was able to speak with the feeling he did. For he said:

"This is not merely the case of the State *versus* James Coldman. It is the case of the tenement-house children against the inhumanity of man's greed."

Dummer whispered next to the man next him, "There's no good. He's done for us." Then he rose, and made a clever defence.

Probably nothing better than *The Story of an Untold Love* conveys Mr. Ford's strength and weakness. The women of that tale, as is the case with all his women, with the exception of Janice Meredith, are vague and unsatisfactory. We see very little of Maisie Walton, but what we see is enough to convince us that she is in no sense a being of flesh and blood. She is about as stilted in action and conversation as Mr. Davis's Alice Langdon. Donald Maitland is at the best a poor and rather snivelling sort of hero, but in direct contrast how fine and true are some of the minor characters of the book! Blodgett is a real being. Mr. Ford has caught his conversation and ideas with marvellous accuracy. He has done what very few writers have done—shown us this particular type of American without dropping into caricature. Blodgett we know and feel. We realise his shrewd generosity, his hard-headed practicality, his occasional outbursts of usually suppressed impulse. His first meeting with Maitland in the city by the shore of the Mediterranean is in many respects a triumph of characterisation. Another striking character of this book is Whitely, and the curious partnership between him and his secretary is sufficient to give the book a permanent place and interest. There was a pathetic little reminiscent charm about the opening chapters of *The Story of an Untold Love*, a charm which Mr. Du Maurier more completely and adequately conveyed in his description of the childhood of Peter Ibbetson.

In the fiction which he produced before *Janice Meredith* Mr. Ford may be said to have been to some extent in his apprenticeship: that book was the logical result of his work both as novelist and historian. Among novels dealing with the American Revolution, it is unique in its scope and grasp. Topographically speaking, it is a novel of New Jersey life—the great New Jersey novel, if not the great American novel—but its sweep is wider than this: it takes us intimately into Revolutionary Philadelphia and shows us Virginia and New York. In its pages the sturdy patriots of that struggle are no longer the stilted creatures of history, but beings of real flesh and blood, subject to the same weaknesses and follies which we see about us to-day. It is the mission of the historical romance to bring out as history itself cannot the Bagbys and the Hennions of the age with which it deals. It was inevitable that at the present time *Janice Meredith* should take on an added interest by reason of the prominence of Washington in its pages. It is related that when Thackeray was mentally building the scheme of *The Virginians* he sought out Mr. Kennedy, the American historian, and asked for information as to the character and personality of Washington. Mr. Kennedy began a rather conventional description of the great Virginian, when Thackeray interrupted him rather testily:

"No, no," he said, "that's not what I want. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig? Did he take snuff and spill it down his coat front?"

This, one may presume, is the query of posterity, and on account of this we owe much to Mr. Ford, for in *Janice Meredith* he has given us a Washington more vital and human than is to be found in any work of fiction since *The Virginians*. And, indeed, while Mr. Ford's Washington lacks the wit and fire of Thackeray's, we are not sure but that the former's is the truer and more lifelike portrait. But Washington is only one of the historical figures whom we come to know intimately in this book. Mr. Ford's mind when he sat down to write was drenched with the atmosphere of the colonial struggle. The profit of the years spent in reading history, in studying documents, is here obvious. More than any other novelist who has treated of the time, Mr. Ford writes of the age as if he had been born in it. This is a faculty which is given to but few men, and it is due to this that *Janice Meredith* is marred by no suggestion of improbability. That Janice, her father, Brereton and Bagby, comparatively insignificant factors in the great

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scheme of the Revolution, should be brought into intimate contact with Washington, Howe, Cornwallis, Lee, the dominant figures in the struggle, provokes no wonder or doubt. It all comes about quite as naturally and simply as Quentin Durward's meeting with Louis XI. or the association of the musketeers with Richelieu and Mazarin.

So much has been said and written of recent years on the subject of the great American historical novel that it was inevitable that *Janice Meredith* should, to a certain extent, be weighed as a possible claimant for this distinction. Probably no work of fiction dealing with the Revolutionary period has been as widely read and felt as *The Spy*. This is very significant, since *The Spy*, inferior in conception and treatment to Cooper's Leather Stocking Series, is only a striking and vigorous tale; it is in no sense a work of art, and confined as it is in action to a few miles of neutral ground to the north of the Harlem, dealing with but few characters, it lacks totally the broad sweep of *King Noanett* or *Hugh Wynne* or *Richard Carvel* or *Janice Meredith*. And that breadth of canvas which must be the indispensable characteristic of a great national novel *Janice Meredith* has more strikingly than any of the others. Its most glowing eulogist could not call it the great historical novel; on the other hand, its most adverse critic cannot ignore the fact that it is one of the few important books which serve to point the way by which the great American novel will ultimately be attained.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

PURPLE PORTRAITURE *

MR. VANCE THOMPSON, who was formerly an interesting figure in New York journalism, has for some time made his residence in Paris, where he has formed a very extensive acquaintance among Frenchmen of letters, especially among those belonging to the newer literary schools. The first fruits of his observations and of his intimacies are to be found in a large and very handsomely printed volume lately published and now before us. Mr. Thompson's volume is entitled *French Portraits*, and the sub-title describes these portraits as "Appreciations of the Writers of Young France." The volume is lavishly supplied with likenesses of the writers mentioned, and even before its publication the interest excited in it was sufficient to exhaust the first edition.

Mr. Thompson has brought together in his pages an interesting combination of biography, personal anecdote and criticism, relating to all the important poets and novelists whose fame is of recent growth, some of them being already well known to American readers, and others being those whose names among the English-speaking peoples are as yet not fully known. Thus we have papers on Paul Verlaine, on Mallarmé, on Mendès, on Richepin, on Barrès, on Marcel Schwob and on Régnier; and among the Belgians, Maeterlinck, Eekhoud and Verhaeren, all of whom are known by their work to readers throughout the

*French Portraits. By Vance Thompson. Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.

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civilised world. There are notes also on men like Pierre Louys and Georges Rodenbach, who are beginning to be famous. Finally, Mr. Thompson has dealt with several minor writers, such as Jammes, Rebell, Signoret and Samain, whose reputation is as yet mainly confined to the Boulevards and the Quartier Latin. There is much that Mr. Thompson has here written down which will be informing and valuable to the reader and student of contemporary French literature, and there is also much that is of more especial concern to the investigator of the tastes and literary ideals of Mr. Thompson himself.

It is from this last point of view that the book for us possesses its especial interest; for Mr. Thompson affords an instance of a particular sort of style which is French in its origin, but which is beginning to make its way rather slowly among all very young writers who have come under the French influence, and who are suffering from a temporary attack of the pseudo-Byzantine fever. Mr. Thompson himself is very clever. He is too clever, in fact, to be willing to take much pains with what he writes. This is why he adopts a literary manner of which the trick is very easy to acquire. It is a manner which can be sufficiently illustrated from several books by Maurice Barrès (for whom, by the way, Mr. Thompson rather ungratefully professes a supreme contempt), and the one instance where it has been seriously and effectively employed in English is in George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man.* It is, in the first place, an extremely personal sort of style; in the second place, it is an extremely unreserved and effusive style; and in the third place, it is a style of jerks and jumps, of interrogations and sparkles, of verbal gewgaws and purple patches. Mr. Thompson was undoubtedly encouraged to adopt it by the success of Mr. George Moore, whom he frequently quotes; but between *French Portraits* and Moore's *Confessions* there is a tremendous gulf—a gulf which one may usefully contemplate whenever he wishes to emphasise the fact that the style of a writer is not everything. George Moore breaks up his discourse into disconnected paragraphs, and so does Mr. Thompson. George Moore resorts to the frequent asterisk, the unexpected dash and the abrupt transition, and so does Mr. Thompson. But in George Moore's *Confessions* there is not merely manner; there is also matter. He not only coruscates and startles, but he thinks; and his thoughts are original, stimulating, disquieting and possessed of the compelling power to make you read them over and over again and to study them so as to get the full meaning of their allusiveness and to discuss them afterward with others who have read and been puzzled by the book.

Mr. Thompson, however, seeks chiefly the effect that can be produced by phrases and by paradoxes. He gives us epigram in the place of reflection, and adjectives in the place of ideas. He delights in intellectual posing. He is consciously artificial. He forces himself to exhibit self-conceit; and, lest you should not happen to notice this, he stops and points it out to you. He is really writing by formula, and according to a recipe which it would not be difficult to set forth for the benefit of the young and aspiring writer who has reached the Thompsonian period of his career. Thus, to produce the sort of thing which Mr. Thompson here illustrates, it is necessary in the first place to provide one's self with a stock of unusual nouns and adjectives (care being taken not to infringe upon the vocabulary of Mr. Edgar Saltus), such as "implex," "operose," "gracile," "quotidian," "fructuose" and "fritinancy." Latin quotations, preferably from the writers of the Decadence, are essential, with vague allusions to their little-known authors. Then throw in almost anything you like about incense, weary kisses, the odour of sin, degenerate perfumes, preferably patchouli and vétiver, brutal phrases from the language of the gutter, with continual mention of fire, of gold and silver coins, and of gaudy colours, such as purple and yellow. Enumerate whatever portions of feminine anatomy occur to you as most suggestively alluring, speak of blood and brawls and dark alleyways, and every once in a while exclaim "Dear Lord!"—and there you are. A little of it is rather piquant. Two hundred and twenty-nine pages of it make you just a little sick.

What we like least about Mr. Thompson's work is the fact that it does not ring quite true. One feels all the while that he

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is groping after effects experimentally, and not setting forth anything at all about which he entertains a serious conviction. Then, again, his learning is obviously superficial, which would not matter did he not make such a parade of it. He descends even in one place to the perpetration of what we can only style a "fake." This is on page 227, where he sets forth with the air of one who is as familiar with Pentadius as with Horace, what he describes as "that tinkling enigma." It tinkles, to be sure; but Mr. Thompson is very audacious when he presumes upon the ignorance of his readers and prints, as though they formed a single composition, a lot of miscellaneous and wholly unconnected lines derived from various sources, some as early as Ennius and some as late as the Middle Ages. And in a gentleman who airily says that he "whetted his Latinity on Narcissean lines," and who cites Plato for you in an offhand way, such a form as "thyrses" is not at all convincing to the critical reader.

We should find less fault with Mr. Thompson did we feel that he had done his best, and had not devoted himself so entirely to the cult of mere facility. Were everything in this book as serious, as satisfactory and as really valuable as his explanation of the symbolistic theory of Mallarmé, he would have deserved well both of his readers and of his reviewers. Had he cared to give us more concerning that strange modern pagan, Pierre Louys, we should have all been grateful. Had he abstained from the particular variety of blasphemy which he has printed on page 157, he would have conserved his reputation for decency and taste. For there is blasphemy and blasphemy—the Promethean kind, which thunders a sublime defiance from the Caucasian rock, and the maudlin, ineffectual and yet offensive kind which suggests nothing more impressive than one of Aristide Bruant's bedraggled drunkards alternately whimpering and raving in the gutter. Mr. Thompson might here take a lesson from his favourite, George Moore. George Moore sometimes displays vulgarity, and he sometimes verges upon blasphemy; but he has at least the grace and the artistic sense never to thrust them both upon the reader in what is necessarily an abhorrent and most unsavoury combination.

Harry Thurston Peck.

BERNARD QUARITCH

REPORTS from London (early in January last) brought news of the death of Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller. A man who has occupied so prominent a position in his calling for nearly half a century is deserving of some notice—he was himself of this opinion! It is not always that a man who sets out with a fixed end and determination for life succeeds in the resolutions he may have formed. The majority fall by the way. This was not the case with Quaritch. He started with the avowed intention of becoming the first bookseller of his time, and succeeded. To this end he left no stone, or rather no book, unturned which came within his reach. He commenced business at a time when bibliography was entering upon a distinctively new era—more comprehensive in its scope than any which had preceded it in England.

The bookish enthusiasm which characterised the early part of the century had died out with the disappearance of Dibdin, who reflected, if he did not in a measure guide and stimulate, the bibliographical tastes of bookish men of his time, which ran principally in the line of the Classics; not English Classics, but Greek and Latin. As proof of this, there is an example in the library formed by a Maecenas of the time, Earl Spencer, whom Dibdin so diligently and indefatigably served. Then there was the Duke of Roxburgh, the Duke of Sussex, Cracherode, Woodhull, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Beckford, Hibbert, Heber and others.

For some years before the advent of

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Quaritch there was a lull in bibliographic enthusiasm. The old heroes of the auction-room had died, leaving few successors.

Although there were some students of English literature, such as Steevens, Jolley, and Malone, who strove to gather and save from destruction the surviving remains of the older English writers, comparatively few of these found any place in the libraries formed by the collectors of the first thirty years of this century, who ransacked the Continent for old books, which revolutions and war had brought into the market. It may be safely affirmed that at no period in modern times have such opportunities been offered to acquire valuable and choice books as at the sales of these superb libraries, which took place during the life of Bernard Quaritch. In every case he took advantage of his opportunities. Like a cormorant, who would swallow everything in sight, his appetite in the auction-room was unbounded, and he usually left it taking with him pretty much all that was worth taking. His bitterest enemies, and these were usually his unsuccessful underbidders, had really no just grounds for their hatred, for of all places in the world an honest auction-room is the most democratic. No one is obliged to bid, and no bids are rejected or restricted. There is, therefore, no basis of common sense in the abuse heaped upon dukes, millionaires or booksellers, who all have the earnest desire to buy what they want as cheaply as they can. The only fair grounds for the criticism of Quaritch and his methods are found in two particulars. First, he is said to have made terms with the auctioneer by which he received exceptional advantages in prolonged or indefinite credit, favours which were confined to himself.

If this is true, it was certainly reprehensible on the part of the auctioneer, and unfair to other purchasers. That Quaritch was able to obtain for himself this discrimination is evidence of his shrewdness.

The other ground for criticism was that he publicly in his catalogues and correspondence virtually threatened that he would, without any principle of mercantile values, oppose purchases by other book-buyers, and run up the prices by bidding against all such as would not do their purchasing through his intermediary.

These are the only grounds upon which such critics as Mr. Andrew Lang have any excuse for their abuse of people who, because they want books just as Mr. Lang or others do, are obliged to pay large prices for them.

To covet a thing and not be able to obtain it is, of course, disappointing, and in some persons begets envy and malice. It might be far wiser to abuse, not those who are willing to pay for and preserve valuable and rare books, but those who, when they might have done this, by their ignorance and neglect caused their destruction, and made possible the discovery of Caxtons and quarto Shakespeares in junk-shops. This seems to be what these gentlemen want, and want for themselves, but not for others.

I first saw Quaritch somewhere about 1860, when he occupied his first shop in Castle Street, just back of the National Gallery. Well do I remember the place, and seeing there volumes which I then coveted, and was not able to buy. I was not for this reason excluded from the examination of them. I did not feel any bitter envy of those who might become possessed of them, nor like grumbling at the prices which placed them beyond my reach. It simply occurred to me that the best thing I could do would be to go to work and acquire the means to obtain what I wanted, and not that those abler than myself should stop buying and paying in order to gratify my thirst for special books and reading. When one expostulated mildly with Mr. Quaritch as to the high price of a book, he would say, "Yes, they made me pay for it;" or, "I had to pay high to get it."

There was a time between 1880 and 1890 when Quaritch was very aggressive and perhaps offensively so to some people. Before that time the elder Toovey was a sturdy opponent. It used to be said of him that when he put his teeth in a book nothing would make him let go. Of course it was very aggravating after having sent most liberal bids to have to go to him or to Quaritch and buy books whose price one had bid up—a weakness of which, however, no one should be guilty, excepting in extreme cases.

Toovey's shop in Piccadilly, on the op-

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posite side of the way from Quaritch and farther up, was a model of order; and although the stock was not extremely large, it was choice and well selected, while Quaritch's, which became his permanent quarters after his removal from Castle Street, was dark and rather dirty. He took pains to fill his front windows close to the glass, and almost to the tops, with solid rows of books, with their backs to the street. I never knew any one to buy any of these, nor that they were ever disturbed.

After Toovey retired and F. S. Ellis and Nattali and Bond did the same, Quaritch had the old book trade pretty much to himself, and made the best of his advantages. He was fond of books, but perhaps not so much so as Toovey, who formed valuable collections which he kept at his residence. While in the height of his career it was repeatedly predicted that as Quaritch was "dealing upon borrowed money," that the "cormorant" was overstocked, that the high prices could not be sustained, and that failure was inevitable. Prices, however, did not go down. The old editions of the classics, which so attracted the collectors of the first half of the century, did decline in value, and have continued to do so, perhaps without just cause; but prices of all the desirable books have steadily advanced, thus justifying Quaritch's position and acts.

He did not fail, and at the time of his death was more than ever the first of booksellers. One would not call him a literary man nor a learned man, but he always had about him competent literary experts, of whose knowledge he availed himself freely, and did not disguise the fact.

No man of ability, energy and of aggressive character is without detractors or enemies. Success is very often an adjunct of senseless jealousy.

Mr. Quaritch accomplished what he set out to do, took the first place in his calling, and maintained it while he lived. It may also be said of him that he was strictly honest in all his dealings. During the last years of his life many of his detractors recognised his good traits, and he himself became more congenial to them all.

His name will always be prominently connected with the bibliographical history of the last half of the nineteenth century.

A Bookman.

EURYDICE CARA POETIS

Slowly the singer from the darkness came.
She followed him in love that death defied,
Till at his backward glance, again she died,
And all his song were sighing of her name.

We love her still and sorrow makes her dear.
Who weakly turns to sing the shadowed past
Shall find her not. Who hopeful to the last
Shall battle on, may rouse a world to hear.

John Curtis Underwood.

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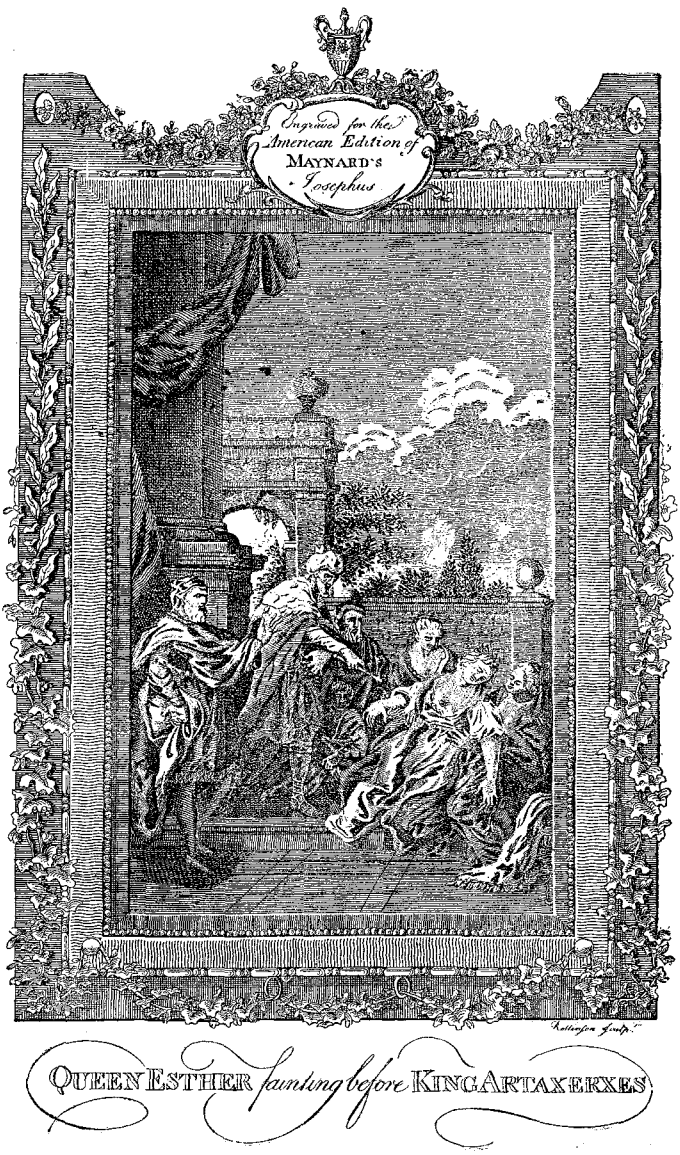
A BOOK OF THE PAST

AS all my friends know full well, for I din it in their ears continually, I have a deep-rooted prejudice against large books, and yet I found myself a few days ago bringing home a great uncouth and flabby folio measuring 16⅜ by 10 inches, and 2½ inches thick—dimensions which if they appertained to a first folio Shakespeare would make the everlasting fortune of the lucky owner.

The book which has led me into the commission of so gross an act of inconsistency is a copy of the works of the learned and authentic Jewish historian and celebrated warrior, Flavius Josephus. As I have not made a study of Josephian bibliography I am unable to state whether this is the five hundredth or the five thousandth edition of this renowned work, or how many times it may have been reprinted since the first Greek text was published by Froben at Basle in 1554; but issues of this History of the Antiquities of the Jews, translated into many tongues, must have followed one another in rapid succession, for the work enjoyed for centuries a widespread popularity which, however, it appears to have altogether lost in this late and enlightened age. In the days of our fathers the works of Josephus were mentioned in the same breath with the Holy Scriptures, placed only second to them in religio-historical importance, and by some worthy and devout Christians were, I believe, regarded as corroborative evidence of the truth of Holy Writ.

The copy of this noted work, the ample page of which lies spread open before me, was printed and sold by William Durell at his book-store and printing office, No. 19 Queen Street,* near the Fly Market, New York, MDCCXCII. It is printed in double columns, eighty-three

*The present Pearl Street.



QUEEN ESTHER fainting before KING ARTAXERXES

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The falling of the Walls of JERICHO, *burning the City and Destruction of the Inhabitants by the* ISRAELITES.

lines to the page, and will average sixteen words to the full page. There are seven hundred and twenty pages in the book, so that it contains approximately one million words. Ten thousand words an hour is rapid reading, therefore this one volume supplemented by that equally bright and cheery fireside companion, Fox's *Book of Martyrs,* another prime favourite of fifty years ago, would supply the family circle with a goodly share of its winter evenings' literary occupation, and offer in addition opportunities for artistic culture in the study of the engravings, with which the volume is lavishly adorned, "taken from original drawings of Messrs. Stothard and Corbould, members of the Royal Academy, and engraved by American artists."

The "sixty and more" pictorial embellishments which this copy of Josephus contains lend to it its sole surviving interest, for they furnish examples of the graphic art as practised by a number of our early copper-plate engravers, to wit: Allen, Anderson, Doolittle, Rollinson, Tanner, Tiebout and Tisdale. Messrs. Doolittle and Tiebout were, however, the artists principally engaged upon the work.

The signature, A. Anderson, which appears upon four of these engravings, is probably not that of the veteran and well-known wood-engraver, the father of the xylographic art in this country, but I can find no mention of any other contemporary artist of the name. The engravings thus signed compare favourably with the others in the book. None of these prints, however, can be considered fairly representative of the artist's skill. The trick of covering copper plates with a coating of steel apparently had not been discovered when these engravings were made, and the life of an unprotected copper-plate engraving is of short duration. Its bloom soon passeth away and is gone. Unless you secure an early impression of a seventeenth or eighteenth century copper plate, it is certain to present a worn and faded appearance, from which no proper conception can be derived of its pristine appearance.

Amos Doolittle, whose name is affixed to thirteen of these plates, and who was probably the engraver of some of the

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twelve which are unsigned, is best known to us through his four prints of the battles of Lexington and Concord. I was formerly under the impression that Doolittle had not been a very prolific engraver, but I find that his talent, such as it was, was frequently called into requisition and employed in a variety of ways. Portraits and views, maps and music, as well as imaginary scenes, such as those which brighten the pages of our Josephus, proceeded from his graver in the long period of fifty-seven years in which we know that he practised this profession, for the "Battle of Lexington" was drawn by Earl and engraved by A. Doolittle in 1775 and re-engraved (on a small scale) by A. Doolittle and J. W. Barber in 1832.

DESTRUCTION of the TEMPLE of BAAL, with its Priests, false Prophets, & Worshipers by order of JEHU King of ISRAEL.

Cornelius Tiebout, like most, if not all, of his fellow-engravers, began his career as a chalcographist in a jeweller's shop, and served an apprenticeship with a gold and silversmith named Burger at No. 207 Queen Street, New York. In 1796 he visited London to study engraving, and his stipple portrait of John Jay after the painting by Gilbert Stuart shows that he had attained to some degree of proficiency in the art. His engraving of the battle of Lexington after Tisdale is poor enough, but as it generally comes coloured by hand in violent shades of red, blue and yellow, the lack of skill in the engraving is not a matter of great consequence. If it were a good engraving, it would be ruined by the shocking treatment it received at the hands of the colourists of the period.

B. Tanner, another of the engravers employed upon our Josephus, was a pupil of Tiebout, and that is the full extent of our knowledge concerning him aside from the evidence of his very mediocre talent which his prints themselves supply.

The only record of John Allen in Dunlap's *Arts of Design* is his name placed in the index with a star attached, which may stand for one or all of three attributes—namely, "Amateur Artist," "Distinguished Friend of the Arts," or an artist who is a donor to the National Academy of Design.

E. Tisdale was a designer, engraver

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JERUSALEM *taken and burnt, and its Inhabitants carried into* CAPTIVITY *by Nebuchadnezzar.*

and miniature painter, a native New Englander, who practised his art in New York and finally removed to Hartford, Connecticut, where he became a partner in what was known as "The Graphic Company."

William Rollinson was an engraver of considerable merit and an ingenious man, being the inventor of a machine to rule waved lines in the margins of bank-notes. Some of his descendants are still practising the art of engraving in this city.

Besides this great work of Josephus, Durell published a Bible illustrated by some of the same artists, and Thomas Dobson, of Philadelphia, also issued a great folio Bible with plates by these engravers, who also executed the illustrations in the American edition of Brown's family Bible. These enterprising publishers appear to have been of one mind in the belief that for the sake of appearances a family Bible should be constructed on the broadest and most liberal lines as regarded paper and printer's ink, but the comfort and convenience of the reader appear to have received no consideration whatever. The dictionary makers regarded the matter in a different light. Woodbridge's Lexicon, published in 1801, is only about one-twenty-sixth the size of Durell's Josephus.

The list of subscribers which is printed at the back of the book demonstrates conclusively that the publication was a popular one. It includes over seven hundred names of residents in every settled section of the country and not alone in the city of New York. Such a subscription list secured for a book published more than a century ago, when the population of this city did not exceed thirty-five thousand and the entire United States contained only about three and a half million souls, is certainly remarkable, and would do credit to a book canvasser of the present day.

The engravings, as we have already said, are all that give a present value or interest to this specimen of last century book-making; but they suffice, for they carry us back, not indeed to the very infancy of chalcography in this country, but to an early period of its development, and they mark its progress among us, and are therefore worthy of the care and preservation they are now receiving.

W. L. Andrews.

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EULOGIES AT THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON

ONE of the most potent illustrations of the effect upon the popular mind occasioned by the death of Washington, one hundred years ago, is found in the large number of eulogies, sermons and other literary tributes which the event called forth. President John Adams stimulated this activity probably more than he realised when he issued his proclamation, designating February 22, 1800, as a day of general mourning. The request was well heeded in every town and village throughout the sixteen States, of which the Republic then consisted, and, with few exceptions, the addresses delivered on that day were afterward issued from scores of printing houses in pamphlet form. Sermons predominated, for scarcely a preacher failed to use a biblical text upon which to extol the virtues of Washington before his hearers. In addition to these, there were orations, hymns, funeral acrostics, elegiac poems and odes, the latter irreproachable in patriotic ardour, however irregular some of them were in construction.

Few of the speakers, and fewer even of their words, are remembered now. The only phrase in that multitude of words poured out from the middle of December, 1799, to February 22, 1800, to survive the century is that famous one from General Henry Lee's oration, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Yet the author remains practically unknown to hundreds who have shouted with glee that popular definition in their school or college days.

General Lee was one of Washington's trusted Revolutionary officers, and in history he is known as "Light Horse Harry," from his dashing cavalry exploits. In 1799 he was a member of Congress, representing Virginia, and he prepared the first set of resolutions adopted by that body as soon as the sad news was confirmed in Philadelphia, then, for the last year, the national capital. In those resolutions, presented December 19, 1799, appears that memorable phrase, but the concluding portion reads, "first in the hearts of his country." The word "men" was added in a later draft, and the phrase was embodied by General Lee in his address on Washington before Congress and the Senate in the German Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, on December 26, 1799. Of all the Washington eulogies, General Lee's enjoyed the greatest popularity. The original edition, published in Philadelphia early in 1800, is a quarto pamphlet of twenty pages with an allegorical plate. It was immediately issued, however, in smaller size, in all the large cities, and was republished in London—an honour attained by few.

Gouverneur Morris performed for New York a service similar to that of General Lee in Philadelphia. His oration was delivered on the last day of the year, 1799, in St. Paul's chapel, and it was superior to the other in its scholarly treatment of the subject. Fisher Ames, one of the favourite sons of Massachusetts, at the request of his State legislature, made an able address in the Old South Church, Boston. The orations of Morris and Ames differ from most of the addresses made at that time, in their more practical tone, as both speakers were familiar with the political life of the country and had a personal knowledge of Washington's character. Several editions of each were published, and it may be worth noting that in Boston alone, during the first two months of 1800, eleven different sermons and eulogies were published.

Charles Brockden Brown, author of *Arthur Mervyn* and other novels which had a wide popularity in the early years of the century, has left his tribute to the memory of Washington in a monody of ninety-eight lines, which was first given to the public from the stage of the New York, or Park Street, Theatre, on Monday evening, December 30. No performance had been given since December 20, when the news of Washington's death reached the city, and when the house was re-opened it was with exercises of a novel and funereal character. The occasion, perhaps, may be best described in the words of the New York *Daily Advertiser* of December 31.

The house, which was full to overflowing, displayed a scene calculated to impress the

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mind with the utmost solemnity and sorrow. The pillars supporting the boxes were encircled with black crape, the chandeliers were decorated with the insignia of woe, and the audience, particularly the female part, appeared covered with the badges of mourning. About seven o'clock the band struck up "Washington's March," after which a solemn dirge was played, when the curtain, slowly rising, discovered a tomb in the centre of the stage, in the Grecian style of architecture, supported by trusses. In the centre of it was a portrait of the general, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves; under the portrait, a sword, shield and helmet and the colours of the United States. The top was in the form of a pyramid, in the front of which appeared the American eagle, weeping tears of blood for the loss of her general, and holding in her beak a scroll, on which was inscribed, "A Nation's Tears." The sides of the stage were decorated with black banners, containing the names of the several States of the Union in golden letters, over which mourning trophies were suspended.

Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, an English actor, who made his first appearance in this country in 1796, recited Charles Brockden Brown's monody, of which the following lines are among the best:

'Twas he that fixed upon eternal base,
The freedom, peace and glory of his race;
O! let no change thy glorious work befall,
Nor death betide, till death betide us all!
Firm may it stand, tho' compassed by alarms,
Though broils intestate shake, and hostile arms,
Though the four corners of the world combine
Against thy sons, the victory be thine.

It was but natural for the citizens of New Haven to call upon Timothy Dwight, the popular and gifted President of Yale University, to deliver the Washington sermon on February 22, 1800. Dr. Dwight had seen Revolutionary service himself as a chaplain in the army, and had become famous long before going to Yale by his patriotic song, written in 1777, "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise." His Washington address was prefaced by the text from Deuteronomy, chapter xxxiv., verses 10, 11 and 12: "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face, in all the signs and the wonders which the Lord sent him to do in the land of Egypt to Pharaoh, and to all his servants, and to all his land, and in all that mighty hand and in all the great terror which Moses showed in the sight of all Israel."

Dr. Dwight's sermon had the unusual honour of being printed with a portrait of Washington. The same portrait was also published with the sermon of Benjamin Trumbull before his congregation in North Haven on December 29, 1799. The latter has the remarkable title of "The Majesty and Mortality of Created Gods, Illustrated and Improved." The portrait which was published with these two sermons is a well-executed copperplate of the stipple variety, by Amos Doolittle, whose fame as an engraver rests upon his four large plates of the battles of Concord and Lexington. The head of Washington is in profile, and over it hovers an eagle, bearing a laurel wreath. Within recent years the craze for Washington portraits has directed marked attention to this small Doolittle engraving, and it is evident that few were printed, and still fewer preserved, for it is now one of the rarities. A copy was sold in Philadelphia a short time ago for $60. This is in striking contrast to the value of Washington portraits twenty years ago, when, in the first part of the George Brinley sale, the Trumbull pamphlet with its portrait and ten other sermons brought but $3.

A small portrait of Washington, that has become almost as scarce as the Doolittle print, was published with two memorial sermons delivered by the Rev. Dr. Uzal Ogden in Trinity Church, Newark. This engraving was done by Cornelius Tiebout, the first American to adopt engraving as a profession. The text of Dr. Ogden's sermons was "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

William Hamlin, of Providence, Rhode Island, who has left four different engravings of Washington, made one of them for a volume published by Oliver Farnsworth, of Newport, in 1800, under the title "Memory of Washington." The book contains a brief sketch of Washington's life, with a collection of the more important eulogies, including the one delivered in Paris by L. Fontanes, at the order of Napoleon.

Joseph Willard, who was then President of Harvard, stands unique among the orators of the day in that his Wash-

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ington address was delivered in the Latin language. It was given in Cambridge, February 21, 1800, before the students and faculty, at the Harvard memorial services, that University being the only one to hold special exercises in honour of Washington. The Latin discourse, with a sermon by the Rev. David Tappan, Hollis Professor of Divinity, were afterward published, but the addresses of two students are lost to history, for an explanatory note in the pamphlet states that "These two young gentlemen modestly declined giving copies of their performances for the press."

Most amusing of all, however, in its peculiar originality, is the oration of Michael Gabriel Houdin, delivered in the City Hall at Albany, "in presence of an august assemblage of citizens." The title-page informs us that the author was a major in the late Revolutionary army of the United States. It is the only one of the large number of Washington publications that contains a portrait of the author. This is a copper plate, representing the major, in military costume, with one arm outstretched in the attitude of a schoolboy orator. The features of the face are stern and dignified, and the nose is very prominent. The New York Historical Society possesses the presentation copy of this address with Major Houdin's autograph to "Dirck ten Broeck, Esq., Speaker of the House of Assembly." The pamphlet is also embellished with a crude woodcut portrait of Washington, and every page is bordered with deep black lines.

As a sample of Major Houdin's eulogy, the following lines may be interesting: "I do not see why we should be so inquisitive about finding out what corner of the globe that wonderful and great mortal came from. Fellow-citizens, the fact in short is, that he was once born and for the happiness of North America only, of that no one soul living can doubt. Happy America. George Washington, the great, in departing this life has covered you with honour and laurels! He has carried off with him all the talents, qualities and virtues that no one before him, or perhaps after, will ever be possessed of. My superficial abilities and weak knowledge does not admit of a more sublime style than this; but I flatter myself that I have told the truth to this august assembly, and entirely rely on its indulgence for whatever deficiencies may be found in this oration, made in honour of the late George Washington, the great, and I shall feel proud and happy to hear that this weak production, dictated by my own heart, has attracted a little attention and be transmitted hereafter to the remotest posterity."

The Rev. John Blair Linn adopted the original method of composing an Ossianic poem to celebrate the deeds of Washington. The author was graduated from Columbia College, and studied law in the office of Alexander Hamilton. He wrote a drama, *Bourville Castle, or the Gallic Orphan,* and had the pleasure of seeing it acted three times in the old John Street Theatre. That was in 1797, just on the eve of his abandonment of the law for the ministry, and in 1798, at the age of twenty-one years, he was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, and remained there until his death in 1804. In his poem the name of Fingal was used for Washington, as the author explains, "not only to render the style conformable, but to mark the striking resemblance between the two heroes." One of its "best" passages is the description of the crossing of the Delaware:

> Dark was the night, such as when the spirit of Loda takes his flight. Silence had folded her wings and slept upon the hills. The weary warrior rested on his shield. Fingal with his band were awake. The darkened Delaware rolled beneath the winds. The spirit of destruction guarded his shores and shrieked amid the angry deep. Fingal approached. The light glimmered on the distant way. His joy arose amid the storm like the lightning's path through the sky of darkness. He pointed with his spear the course to his friends. He dashed the waters beneath him, and leapt on the ground of the foe. The foe awoke amid the arms of Fingal. Strike the harp, Sons of Columbia; let the voice of song arise, such as the hero might hear while he leaned upon his shield and his warriors slumbered around. These were the scenes of Fingal's fame.

John Blair Linn was a son of the Rev. Dr. William Linn, who shared the highest honours for pulpit oratory with Dr. John M. Mason. The latter was selected by the clergy of New York City to preach

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the sermon on Washington's birthday, 1800, and it was given in the Brick Presbyterian Church, then standing on the site of the New York *Times* building. Dr. Linn on the same day addressed the Cincinnati Society in the Dutch church on Nassau Street, and so well did he please his listeners that they elected him an honorary member of the Society. Dr. Linn drew liberally from biblical and Roman characters for his comparisons of Washington, a plan almost universally followed by the speakers of that time. A brief extract from Dr. Linn's address furnishes a good example of the style.

> Like Fabius, he was prudent; like Hannibal, he was unappalled by difficulties; like Cyrus, he conciliated affection; like Cimon, he was frugal; like Scipio, he was chaste; like Philemon, he was humble, and, like Pompey, he was successful. If we compare him with characters in the sacred records, he combined the exploits of Moses and Joshua, not only by conducting us safely across the Red Sea and through the wilderness, but by bringing us into the Promised Land.

Moses was also chosen as a parallel to Washington by Jedediah Morse, who is better known as the compiler of the first geography of the United States than as a New England pastor. His Washington sermon ranks among the best, and it was delivered before his congregation at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

It would be impossible to mention, even briefly, the names of all who contributed their mite to the memorials of Washington in the opening days of the new year 1800. The negro race had its representative in the Rev. Richard Allen, whose sermon in the African Methodist Church of Philadelphia was not only issued in pamphlet form, but was widely published in the papers of the day. Through every discourse, whoever the speaker, runs the expression of genuine sorrow. Death silenced old political hatreds and the words voice the esteem in which Washington was held by all citizens. Time has gradually relegated the majority of these eulogies to a place among the curiosities of American literature, and perhaps, were it not for their relation to Washington, many of these would, long since, have sunk into oblivion.

Frank W. Crane.

LANCIANI'S DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT ROME

PROFESSOR LANCIANI is to be congratulated on his chosen field. The natural diversity of tastes, now greater than ever, because of the very increase of the knowledge which satisfies them, coupled with the inevitable limitations of time, renders it impossible for most subjects to have more than a restricted range of appeal. And the consequence is that many really valuable books can be little more than titles to those readers whose primary and even secondary interests lie elsewhere. How many men of merely general cultivation, for instance, have read Laplace's *Système du Monde?* Yet this treatise, considered as a piece of reasoning, ranks among the great achievements of the human mind, and has besides literary qualities of a very high order. But the Commendatore, in telling the story of the wonderful city whose spell even her rude Teutonic conquerors confessed, has a theme that makes all *homines venustiores* his audience. Add that he speaks with the authority of years spent in scholarly work in superintending excavations in Rome and the Campagna, as well as in the study of manuscripts, records, prints—in brief, all available sources of information in the libraries of Europe, and that he has a splendid enthusiasm which seems to

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establish a personal relation between his reader and himself—one does not wonder that the announcement of a new book by Lanciani is received with keen interest, and that the book itself is read with even keener pleasure.

The present small volume* of some three hundred pages is the forerunner of a much more detailed work upon the fate of the buildings and masterpieces of art in ancient Rome which will be published in Italian under the title *Storia degli Scavi di Roma.* The narrative has, consequently, the compression of a *précis,* and, owing to the nature of the subject, produces upon the reader's mind a certain sense of discontinuity. For the period covered—from the establishment of the Empire by Augustus down to the present time—is so great that only the distinctive eras can be treated with any fulness, and only the most typical and illuminating examples adduced.

It would be difficult to give in the compress of a brief review any adequate idea of the amount and the variety of the information crowded into these pages. Any mere summary of the results obtained would give a false impression of their merits. For the life and colour of the book lie in the multitudinous instances whose citation at once supports and diversifies the narrative. One misses altogether the charm of style. There are no such finely conceived imaginative descriptions as fascinated every reader of *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries,* though some of the material used in the earlier work has been employed again here. Possibly the author felt that such a way of handling his subject would be unsuited to a manual. But if the treatment is scientific rather than literary, and has chiefly the merits of accuracy and clearness, his subject, the varying fortunes and final dissolution of "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," which made the *Aurea Urbs* the world's wonder, has such inherent poetical elements that, even simply told, it cannot fail to stir the fancy. The scenes of this stupendous tragedy are so crowded and brilliant, the mere roll of the names that figure in it is so impressive and so charged with associations, and the appeal made, whether to the instinct for history, archæology, religion, art, or merely to the *lacrimæ rerum,* so many-sided, that the greatness and pathos of Rome's career seem to epitomise the greatness and pathos of human life itself. So that one effect of this unimaginative book (an effect, however, in the opinion of the present writer, that probably did not form part of its author's purpose) is something essentially imaginative—namely, a quickened sense in the reader's mind of the marvellous complexity of those forces that for over twenty-six centuries have collectively been called Rome.

The plan of the book is naturally determined by the chronological order of events, and so, beginning with the transformation of Republican Rome by the early emperors, Lanciani describes in successive chapters the vicissitudes of the ancient monuments down to the end of the sixteenth century. To this account are added two closing chapters—the one on the modernisation of mediæval buildings in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with brief mention of the few cases of the destruction or mutilation of the classical structures; the other on the modern use of ancient marbles, as, for instance, the building of the chapel of Gregory XIII. in St. Peter's with marbles taken from the Mausoleum of Hadrian, and the embellishment of the chapel of St. Sebastiano on the Palatine with columns of *breccia corallina* from the House of the Vestals.

In one sense, as Lanciani points out, the destruction of ancient Rome may be dated at least as far back as the time of Augustus. Old Rome, like old New York, old London and old Paris, proved unable by any appeal to sentiment as against the practical sense to defend its right to continued existence. The construction of the Imperial Thermæ, in particular, involved the disappearance of many old dwellings, shops, temples and shrines. The Baths of Caracalla, for instance, covered thirty acres, those of Diocletian were even larger, and both sites had been thickly populated. Rome, too, like Chicago, knew how to turn a disastrous fire to advantage, and in this regard one is glad to admit the high desert of Nero. In his Building Acts, at

*The Destruction of Ancient Rome. A Sketch of the History of the Monuments. By Rodolfo Lanciani. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. $2.00.

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least, he proved himself a wise and far-sighted ruler.

The emperors who succeeded the Antonines continued the embellishment of the city, but from the beginning of the third century a significant change is noticeable in the methods employed. The materials with which the city was beautified by the early emperors were quarried for the purpose; the later emperors pillaged existing structures for their own creations or repairs. Every one knows Milizia's nickname for the Arch of Constantine, but many other curious details that Lanciani has collected are not so familiar. The basilica built by Constantine over the tomb of St. Peter "did not have two capitals or two bases alike, and often the architrave and frieze differed from one intercolumniation to another." Especially common was the practice of building foundation walls out of broken statues which had been brought whole to the scene of the operations, and often, when brought to light again by the excavators, these statues can be restored, not a fragment being lacking.

At the opening of the fifth century the great buildings were still substantially intact. But Rome's long agony of fire and sword was imminent. The pillage of the city by Alaric and his Visigoths in 410, in which the fiercest storm swept the Aventine, then the most aristocratic quarter of the city, with one hundred and thirty palaces and countless treasures, was followed by the yet more destructive ravages of the Vandal Genseric. The ensuing half century, with its monotonous and dreadful refrain of siege, famine and pillage, gave place for a brief space to the enlightened rule of Theodoric; then darkness again, repeated sieges of the city in the war of Belisarius with the Ostrogoths, whose cutting of the aqueducts led to the abandonment of the great Imperial Thermæ and also of the hundreds of public fountains; the final desolation of the Campagna in the time of Gregory the Great, whereby "the whole plain from the Apennines to the sea was turned into an unhealthful and dangerous wilderness;" the descent of the Saracens in 846, in which the two basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul outside the walls were plundered of "about three tons of gold and thirty of silver," the accumulated offerings of pilgrims during five hundred years; and finally in 1084 the entry of Robert Guiscard with his ruthless Normans and Saracens when "the unhappy city became the scene of horrors in comparison with which the sack of the Vandals seems merciful." "In fact, the final decay of the city—the abandonment of the old level of streets and squares, the disappearance of the remains of private houses, and even of some public edifices—dates from this fearful conflagration. The hills, long since stricken by water famine, now ceased altogether to be inhabited, and the scanty population pressed more and more toward the Campus Martius, where the digging of wells was easier on account of the alluvial soil which forms the valley of the Tiber." But it is a noteworthy fact that most of the larger monuments, such as temples, theatres and baths, did not succumb even to this fire. Indeed, had it not been for the entrance upon the scene of a destroying force, more fatal, because more systematic, than any that had thus far operated, the ruins of almost every important public edifice would have come down to our own time in a good state of preservation. Poggio Bracciolini, for instance, says that when he first visited Rome in 1431 the front portico of the temple of Concord, facing the Forum, was almost intact; it was not until 1588 that the demolition of the Septizonium of Septimius Severus took place, and the beautiful Temple of Vesta had suffered but little damage when in 1549 the Fabbrica di S. Pietro pronounced its doom. Lanciani is firmly convinced of the truth of the famous pasquinade: *"Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barbarini."* The Romans themselves were chargeable with the destruction of Rome. And in the centuries that immediately precede the Renaissance there is already observable the worst phase in the history of the disappearance of ancient Rome. This is the deliberate exploitation of the old monuments for building materials. In fact, there arose an interprovincial and even international traffic in Roman marbles thus obtained, so that they are found to have been used in the construction not only of cathedrals throughout Italy, as at Salerno, Orvieto and Pisa, but even in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle and in some parts of Westminster Abbey. The chapter in which Lanciani discusses the work of the

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famous guild of marble-cutters known as the School of Cosmatis and of the contemporaneous activity of the *Calcararii* or lime-burners, is one of the most interesting in an interesting book. Every piece of this Cosmatesque art involved the destruction or mutilation of ancient workmanship. Yet it is curious to note how, in one class of cases, these artists were the means of preserving documents of value for the science of epigraphy. The thin slabs which had been used for epitaphs lent their smooth backs readily to decorative treatment for use in panels and borders, and hence were eagerly sought after. And thus it happens that the floors of mediæval Roman churches have made extensive contributions to the study of inscriptions. Nearly a thousand such slabs, for instance, were used in the pavement of St. Paul's outside the walls.

The *Calcararii* were even more destructive than the *Marmorarii.* Almost every important ruin of marble or stone had its own kiln, and into these kilns not blocks only, but carved marbles of every kind, and especially statues, were cast in countless numbers. Flaminio Vacca jestingly said of a marble boat with figures found in the Baths of Caracalla, that "as it once floated on water, so now it has been made to steer its way through fire." This was the fate of the Basilica Iulia, half of the Coliseum and the Circus Maximus, not to speak of hundreds of other edifices.

Sed meliora manebant. The sixteenth century is marked by a growing appreciation of Roman antiquities, and though this interest was at first chiefly felt in statuary, the value of ancient buildings was gradually recognised. It is interesting to note that the city magistrates of this period are shown by the municipal records to have been consistent champions of the classic remains. Throughout the Pontificate of Sixtus V., so great for Renaissance art, so disastrous to the monuments, they were always in opposition. Of the kind of depredations against which they protested and which were systematically pursued down to the close of the sixteenth century, it must suffice to quote a single instance, though in this case it was not their beloved *alma parens* who was the sufferer. Orazio Censori, who was appointed by Pope Clement VIII. to erect the beautiful Altar of the Sacrament in St. John Lateran, purposed using in its ornamentation four bronze-gilt columns which then stood in the Lateran.

> As the necessary metal was lacking to adapt the columns to the design of the new altar, and to crown them with capitals, and a pediment, Censori made a tour in Etruria, in the district of Tarquinii and Falerii. He brought back to Rome hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of works of art in bronze, collected from the tombs of Corneto and Cività Castellana, which were all melted up in the furnace, together with pieces of the bronze beams of the Pantheon.

Lanciani's pages make one wonder not that so little of the ancient city should have survived, but that anything at all should have been left, and give one a more vivid sense than ever of Rome's inexhaustible treasures.

Only a few points seem open to criticism. The chapters dealing with the Cosmatesque and Renaissance periods are somewhat lacking in clearness and orderly disposition. The matter seems to have been rather hastily put together. The years of Theodoric's reign, given on page 77 as 500-526, should be 493-526, as, indeed, it is so stated on page 89. In fact, the proof-reading has been most carefully done, especially when one considers the hundreds of names, dates and references. Dyer's *History of the City of Rome* is quoted from the first edition of 1865; why not from the second of 1883? On page 10 mention is made of the "Shrine of Pietas, so dear to the Romans on account of the legend of the faithful daughter, who, with the milk of her breast, kept alive the father sentenced to death by starvation in the old Decemviral jail," and the authority cited is Pliny, *Hist. Nat.,* VII., 121. But the reference should be to Festus. Pliny, like Valerius Maximus, who tells the same story, speaks of a mother, not a father. Perhaps Professor Lanciani had in mind the famous Pompeian painting, "Carità Romana," now in the Naples Museum. The statement made on page 20 in regard to Nero's architects, Severus and Celer, seems misleading. One would infer that the cleverness and audacity attributed to them by Tacitus were displayed in the rebuilding of the city as a whole. But the context in Tacitus, *Ann.,* XV., 42, shows that the historian is thinking of

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the Golden House only, and especially of the wonders of its pleasure grounds, whose natural beauties were artificially produced, as in the Victoria Park at Berlin.

The book has for a frontispiece Jenichen's "Panorama of Rome," dating from about 1565, and has besides forty-five good illustrations, none of which seems to have been used before in a work of this kind. There is a select bibliography of two and a half pages, including periodicals as well as treatises, and two careful indexes, the one of subjects, the other of inscriptions and passages of ancient authors referred to. The volume is a welcome addition to The Macmillan Company's admirable series of Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities.

Nelson Glenn McCrea.

MR. GOSSE'S LIFE OF DONNE*

THERE are subjects in history and literature which it is possible to exhaust once for all by what the French term a magistral work. There are others which recur from time to time as novelties, perpetual puzzles for the curiosity of successive generations. Mr. Gosse has been so fortunate as to find a theme combining both these characters in Donne. As regards the external facts of Donne's life, it is probable that the last word has been spoken. It is possible that undiscovered information may still lurk in unexplored archives; but, apart from such lucky or unlucky finds, it is not likely that anything of importance has escaped the diligence of Mr. Gosse and his coadjutor, Dr. Jessopp. Errors and oversights must exist in theirs as in every other human work; particular inferences may be disputed with more or less reason, but when all has been said and done nothing will remain to encourage anybody to write Donne's life anew. Yet, and here Mr. Gosse's good fortune is especially conspicuous, his book is not one of those which the world accepts with gratitude and lays aside with relief as a good thing done, a volume to be taken down from the shelf whenever the infrequent spirit shall move. If, as biographer, he has

> Struck
> One from the weary scroll of human tasks,

as psychologist he has set—or rather reset—the world a puzzle which will last it forever. His biography will never lose its freshness or its charm so long as mankind continue to be interested in *Problematische Naturen.*

A biographer of Izaak Walton observes: "*Perhaps* the satires and the sermons of Donne might have kept his name alive amongst a small company of literary men; but Walton has made Donne familiar to the majority of English churchmen." Donne's literary immortality is no matter of mere conjecture; but it is true that he has been in general better known as the exemplar of sanctity depicted by Walton than either as preacher or poet. He must have seemed to most a seventeenth-century John Sterling, mainly owing his vitality to his biographer. Students of his period must nevertheless have been aware that he was neither a saint nor a nonentity. The extraordinary fact that one brought up a Roman Catholic and engaged in secular business until forty should have become Dean of St. Paul's and the most celebrated preacher of his age, is alone sufficient to prove that he could have been no common man; but the perplexing contrast between the early and the latter

*The Life and Letters of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. Now for the first time revised and collected by Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $8.00 net.

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periods of his life was perhaps first fully set forth in Dr. Jessopp's admirable article in the Dictionary of National Biography. What was there writ briefly is here writ large. It would be unpardonable to doubt that Walton, who knew Donne only as Dean, delineated the man of God exactly as he appeared to him, but we have to reconcile his portrait as best we may with the pictures, painted not by maligners, but by Donne himself, of a wild young man everlastingly in scrapes and intriguing with his neighbour's wife, of a poet the freedom of whose verse needs much apology, and of a middle-aged adventurer dependent upon a worthless Court favourite, and ready to stoop very low to please him. These contradictions can never be entirely solved, because every analyst of Donne's character must tint it with an infusion of his own. Some would bluntly pronounce Donne a gross hypocrite; the internal evidence of his letters convinces us that this would be a most unjust judgment; but if a man cannot or will not see this, it is impossible to refute him. Others, casting two-thirds of Donne's life to the infernal powers, would save the remainder by the theory of an irresistible conversion. Without disputing the possibility of such an occurrence, we must own that the elder and the younger Donne appear to us substantially the same person. Had he taken orders at twenty-two, we are confident that he would have made an excellent divine; had he become a minister of State at forty, we should not have looked for an administration conducted on the highest Christian principles. Such a character cannot be comprehended in a formula; and Donne will remain perpetually an object of interest, inasmuch as, to quote Goethe again, he is not merely a problematic but a dæmonic man; one whom, once taken up, you cannot lay down until you have arrived at some conclusion respecting him.

Mr. Gosse's treatment of Donne's character is both entirely sympathetic and entirely scientific, and commands our full assent. It is impossible to condense it satisfactorily within our limits, but he might not disown some such general statement as this. Donne was before all things a highly impressionable man. He lived entirely in the circumstance of the hour. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that, when called upon for a tribute to a friend, he could produce hundreds of lines not merely of verse, which others could have done, but of excellent verse. He could be many things alternately and successively, but only one thing at a time. When in love, the vehemence of his passion overwhelmed prudential or conventional or ethical considerations. Under the influence of mortification or jealousy, he could write what would have been very unworthy of him had he not been a man possessed. When engaged in Somerset's service, he could think of nothing but the obligations which he owed him. When at length placed in a dignified position, it was his one study to realise the ideal which his ardent imagination had formed of it. Had he been an ambassador, as he at one time seemed likely to be, he would have striven to realise an ideal of that office, and taken leaves from the book of Macchiavelli. Such is the temperament of a poet and an orator. As a poet Donne spoiled himself by his erroneous conception of poetry, which he confounded with *esprit*. As an orator he was entirely at home; and his great store of erudition, surprising when the agitation of his life is considered, combined with his impressionability and his fervour to qualify him for the pulpit. It is creditable to the much underrated James the First to have discerned what Donne was fit for better than Donne himself.

As we have intimated, Mr. Gosse's edition is the result of an alliance between him and Dr. Augustus Jessopp, who had reprinted Donne's *Essays in Divinity* forty-four years ago, and has never intermitted his attention to the author he so deeply admired as a divine, though failing to appreciate him as a poet. In 1880 Mr. Gosse himself had issued proposals for a life of Donne; a joint biography by him and Dr. Jessopp was afterward contemplated; but in 1897 Dr. Jessopp, convinced that the biographer of Donne must be in sympathy with his poetry, generously transferred his materials to his coadjutor. His personal aid, nevertheless, has been given throughout, and must have been invaluable. The difficulties which beset the biographer are of the most formidable nature. Walton's beautiful picture of Donne in his saintly aspect is of little

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worth as biographical material. This is chiefly to be obtained from two sets of letters, one of which, that published by Donne's son in 1651, is "in a state of such confusion, such errors of the press, such an absence of dates in the majority of cases, such mistakes as to dates in the minority, that no biographer has hitherto ventured to unravel the knotted and twisted web." Another set of thirty letters, included in the correspondence of Tobie Matthew, in general "have neither address nor signature, and are discoverable solely by internal evidence." Mistakes must necessarily be committed in dealing with such illusive material, but, were these more numerous than they are at all likely to be, they would be far more than compensated by Mr. Gosse's diligence in collecting unpublished letters, frequently of great interest, from libraries both public and private. In spirit his work perfectly corresponds to the aim he attributes to seventeenth-century biographers as a class, "to speak the truth in love." If it has a fault, it is perhaps too absolute a confidence in plausible solutions of some of the enigmas in Donne's career. We cannot feel it safe to travel very far beyond chapter and verse.

Although the abiding charm of Donne consists rather in his personality than in his writings, he undoubtedly occupies a considerable place as theologian, speculator in morals, sacred orator and poet. We could wish that it had been possible to have given more copious examples of his pulpit eloquence. As a poet, we must agree with Mr. Gosse in deeming his influence "malign." Instead of setting the thing or the thought clearly before the reader, he studies to discover of what ingenious variations the one may be capable, or what witty remarks may be made about the other. It is impossible not to admire the frequent brilliancy of these fireworks, but their coruscations are a poor substitute for the light of heaven. The example was most pernicious, and led through the extravagances of the Caroline era to the negation of imaginative poetry in the eighteenth century. Mr. Gosse's chapter on the influences which affected Donne, and that which he himself exerted upon his successors, is among the most interesting in his book. It may be said in Donne's excuse that he did but transfer to poetry a fashion which he found flourishing in prose, particularly in epistolary prose. There he was no innovator; yet he would no more think of beginning a letter without a conceit than would an Eastern courtier of appearing before the Sultan without a gift. The very defects which gave him contemporary influence render him on that ground historically important. It is much to be wished that the reception of Mr. Gosse's masterly biography may encourage him to give us the complete and accurate edition which his author is still awaiting. If this is too much to ask, we should at least be glad of the pieces unaccountably omitted from the edition, as inaccurate as imperfect, published by Alford in 1839. It is worth mentioning, since Mr. Gosse has omitted to note the fact, that Coleridge's marginalia, promised for but not printed in this edition, appeared eventually in *Notes on Divines* (1853), where they occupy no less than sixty-five pages.

Among the merits of Mr. Gosse's work should be noticed the copious illustrations, including five portraits of Donne and two views of his monument, and the good sense which has dissuaded him from afflicting us with the quaint spelling, cramped abbreviations and misplaced capitals of the Jacobean age.

Richard Garnett.

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THE BOOK-HUNTER IN MEXICO

THE old books to be hunted for in Mexico are principally the catechisms, grammars, dictionaries and books of sermons prepared for the Indians and their spiritual overseers in the different languages of Mexico (in all fifty-two dialects are used in Mexico today) from the year 1539 down to the close of the last century. In addition to these may be counted the chronicles of the different religious orders, the lives of the most noted apostolic missionaries among the native tribes and other bibliographic odds and ends, such as works on the flora and fauna of New Spain, histories of the most famous Mexican shrines, treatises on witchcraft, descriptions of the various *autos da fé* celebrated in Mexico, etc. Besides all these one must take into consideration the flotsam and jetsam that has drifted to the shores of Mexico and found a peaceful resting-place in the dusty libraries of the old fortress-like convents for over three hundred years.

Many of these books are rare—of some of the earliest only two or three copies are known. One reason of their scarcity is the small editions, perhaps of not more than one or two hundred copies, in which they were printed. Their scarcity also may be accounted for by the fact that they were printed for immediate and constant use, that they were used constantly, and that they were bound in soft and flexible vellum, which so easily and quickly assists in the destruction of a much-handled book. Again, these books, shelved in the old convents, had to contend against the insidious ravages of dampness and the *palilla* or Mexican moth, which breeds the real, old-fashioned book-worm, that can be stayed by nothing but bosses of brass or the old silver clasps of some mighty volume. Then, as every reader knows, this has been the crater of revolutions ever since the days of Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico, up to the time when Porfirio Diaz took the helm in his gloved hand of steel. During these revolutions the convents and monasteries always suffered, and, as I was told by the sacristan of the Capilla Real or Royal Chapel in Cholula, built by order of Cortez when the revolutionary soldiers were there some forty years ago, they used the books of the library as fuel with which to cook their beans and *tortillas!* This one instance will illustrate what has happened scores of times in other parts of Mexico.

Then, again, from Mexico have gone out the splendid collections of Andrade, Padre Fischer, Ramirez and others, and hither came also Henry Huth book-hunting, H. H. Bancroft and many more who have sadly wasted the heritage of the "big-game" hunter of old books in Mexico. Still, all is not taken, some vestiges remain, and for one who can talk Spanish, and who has the true instincts of the book-hunter, something still is left, as the following random reminiscences may serve to indicate.

I arrived in Mexico too late to get a chance at the folio Shakespeare in old vellum that had been picked up just the year before for a dollar and a half in Mexican silver, but still I found something. For instance, I went one day out along the shores of the Viga to an *adobe* storeroom, where, the owner told me, I might find something. It was one room with no window, but full of books. I divested myself of coat and waistcoat, collar and cuffs, and went to work. In three hours I was as black as a coal heaver, dripping with perspiration, but had dug out of that dirt and darkness a perfect copy, in the original vellum binding, with gilt edges, of Camoëns's *Rimas; accresentadas nesta Segunda Impresao,* etc.; *Em Lisboa por Pedro Craesbeeck,* 1598, and his *Os Lusiadas: polo original antigo agora novamente impressos, Em Lisboa por Manoel de Lyra,* 1597.

Another time I went with a friend to visit Tlaxcala. I was "a mere tourist," that most wretched and despised of creatures in a foreign land. My friend did the honours. After the good Father at the old church of San Francisco had shown us the local sights I asked him if there were no library. "Si, señor," was his smiling response, and in a few moments I was up to my elbows in dirt and dust and old vellum-covered books. Well, I fished about there for a couple of hours,

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and finally landed, in fine shape, copies of *Recognitio Summularum, Reverendi Patris Idelphonsi a Vera Cruce,* etc., *Mexici, Excudebat Ioannes Paulus Brissensis,* 1554; *Dialectica Resolutio cum textu Aristotelis, edita per Reverendum Patrem Alphonsum a Vera Cruce,* same date, place and printer; and the same author's *Physica Speculatio,* same place and printer, 1557; and his *Speculum Conjugiorum,* same place and printer, 1556. When my friend, the barbarian, who was not a book-hunter, asked me what I wanted with that old stuff I meekly replied, "Oh, nothing, only I want them!" As I knew these little volumes had fetched £171 10*s.* in the Ramirez sale, I did not feel that my tourist trip was a failure.

One New Year's morning in Mexico City a bookseller called with an old vellum volume under his arm. I looked at it, felt a thrill of joy to my very fingertips, but remained as cold and impassive as the stone statue of the Mexican war god in the museum. The battle, the logomachia, began. At the end of an hour of attack and retreat I had in my possession one of the few perfect copies known of the most famous and most rare *Cedulario de Puga,* printed in Mexico in 1563. The copy in the British Museum is imperfect. Mine was in the original vellum covers.

Last week I went out to a little Indian village near Puebla. I asked to see the *padre.* I soon found him, and in less than an hour was in possession of a perfect copy of *Constituciones del Arzobispado de Tenuxtitlan Mexico de la Nueva España,* printed in Mexico in 1556 by Juan Pablos.

In Mexico City there is a place called "El Baratillo," or "the place where you may buy things new and old," or, more commonly, and perhaps more correctly speaking, the "Thieves' Market." It is such a place as that in Florence in which Browning picked up the old vellum-bound sheets of the murder case that formed the basis for his *Ring and the Book.* This "Baratillo" very nearly occupies the site of the famous old market-place of Tlaltelulco, a description of which may be found in Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico.* I strolled in there one day, some five years ago, and when I left I bore with me vicariously—for I hired an Indian to carry it—an ox-hide-bound, vellum-leaved choir book from the Convent of Santiago Tlaltelulco, 1698. It was full of beautiful hand-painted music, with illuminated capitals, borders of fruit, flowers, angels, saints, etc., and in spotless condition. It weighed just one hundred and fifty pounds.

One morning I stepped into a book-store in Puebla and asked for a lead-pencil. While I was being served I asked the clerk if they did not have some *libros antiguous.* He said there was an old vellum-bound book there that they were unable to sell, and brought it for me to examine. I looked at it carelessly (and how much art there is in that careless glance of the book-hunter at some treasure for which his heart is longing!) and asked him the price of "the old thing." "Oh," he said, "anything you want to give!" I walked out of the store, therefore, still in a solvent condition, with a perfect copy of *La Historia Natural de las Indias, Libros XX.,* of Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes, Valladolid, 1557.

One of the rarest of bibliographical works is by Dr. D. José Mariano Beristain de Souza, in three small folio volumes, printed in Mexico, 1816 to 1821. When there is a copy for sale in Europe it generally brings from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars. The author died while the work was going through the press, and it was finished by his nephew, who limited the number of copies issued to that of the persons who had already subscribed. Consequently, while the first and second volumes are to be found occasionally, the third volume is as rare as the bibliophile who will tell you exactly what he had to pay for his heart's desire at Quaritch's in London. I have been able to secure but one copy, and that I got from a dealer in old paper, who bought the work and sold it to me *by weight.* He was well satisfied, and I did not complain.

One day I wandered into a pawnshop in Mexico City. I asked the Spaniard if he had any old books. He said he had nothing but an old manuscript, written on vellum. In my gentlest tones I asked to see it. He produced it, and after the usual logomachy, without having been obliged to leave my watch behind, I went out, carrying *The Patent of Nobility of the Family of Nebe of Spain,* written on the most snowy vellum,

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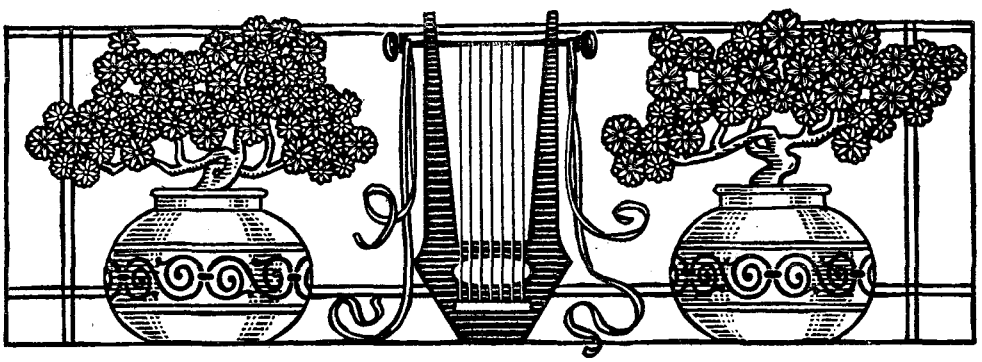
with illuminated capitals, beautiful scrolls, birds, flowers, fruits, etc., all most exquisitely painted. At the beginning was a miniature copy of Murillo's Madonna, in water-colour, and at the end, in oil, were the portraits of the Lord and Lady Nebe, in the costume of the sixteenth century—he with the collar of the Golden Fleece, and upon his breast the insignia of the Order of San Iago of Spain. The manuscript was dated 1548, and signed "Yo el Rey," by Charles the Fifth. Hanging by silken cords was the great lead seal of Charles the Fifth, with the arms of Spain. It was, indeed, a most beautiful and precious "find."

Not long ago I took a ride in the street-cars to that old and picturesque town of Huejotzingo, near Puebla. As usual, I inquired for the *padre,* and found him in the moss-green convent of San Francisco. After looking over the old building, I asked to be shown the library. There were but the poor vestiges remaining of what had once been a noble collection of books, for the Franciscans of Mexico always had good libraries in their convents. The result of this visit was a pile of ancient manuscripts in Mexican and Spanish, dating from the latter half of the sixteenth century, a copy of Juan Bautista's *Advertencias para los Confesores de los Naturales,* printed in Mexico in 1600, and a beautiful and spotless wide-margined, vellum-bound copy, in Gothic letter, of *De Civitate Dei,* by Saint Augustine. The Colophon reads as follows: *Finitum est hoc opus in Friburga anno incarnationis Dei MCCCCXCIIII.* Of course, it is not to be compared with the copy which was in the library of the Duke of Sunderland, printed upon vellum in Venice in 1475, but neither did it cost me a thousand pounds sterling, the price at which the Sunderland copy was sold. I felt satisfied, and so did the good old dreaming *padre.*

Other book-hunting adventures in Mexico must be deferred till another time. What I have given here is but an indication of what exists there for the wise and patient hunter, hidden in old convents, in the libraries of departed monks, in the hands of private people, and oftentimes in the very pawnshops.

Francis S. Borton.



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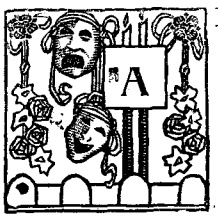
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



AMONG a number of productions of various types, the most solidly interesting given this month have been those of Richard Mansfield. That there is nothing new about them is one of the points in their favour. The further we can get away from the bogey of novelty the better. There are several million people in New York alone, to say nothing of the constant floating population, who have not seen *Arms and the Man,* or *The Devil's Disciple,* or *A Parisian Romance,* and of the fraction of these millions who go to such plays the majority probably think the fact that the dramas are a few years old a sufficient reason for never seeing them. Of course it is a general rule that a play which is revived, or kept in a repertory, is better worth seeing than one which is just produced, since the old plays represent in the rough a survival of the fittest. Mr. Mansfield draws audiences of as high intellectual quality as any actor in America. Others draw more beings who are addicted to evening dress, to talking in boxes and to the possession of millions, but Mr. Mansfield appeals to the class which will furnish more theatre-goers when there are more actors who give them something worth spending an evening and two dollars upon. Take the case of *Arms and the Man.* It was performed only once in Mr. Mansfield's long engagement. It was not a popular success when it was originally put on here, but a number of persons in the intellectual world think it is one of the most refreshing comedies of our day. For these individuals it was unnecessary to furnish carloads of paint and paper. The way the book shelves were represented in the third act would fill an average successful manager with disdain. The scenery throughout was so bad from the current point of view that it would never be tolerated in a new play by the audiences who now make the Broadway standards. Which are we going to choose permanently—plays which in themselves are worthy of attention and need no upholstering, revived and kept familiar, as they are abroad, or long runs of poorer plays supported by dresses and scene painting? An able German comedian, Herr Schweighofer, who has been playing at the Irving Place Theatre, said during his visit that even in Germany the taste for farce was increasing, and that Shakespeare and Schiller drew small houses. This seems to be in conflict with Mr. Archer's conclusions, for which he prepared himself thoroughly a short time ago; but whether or not it is true that the tendency of the world at present toward purely vacuous entertainment is increasing, our gratitude toward whatever there is of a worthier species remains. Ellen Terry, who is playing in Brooklyn during the week in which this is written, said on her return from Boston, "I believe there was more money in the house one night than there ever had been before. And do you know what the play was? It was the dear old *Merchant of Venice.*" If *The Merchant of Venice* can hold its own fairly well against *Robespierre* there is no great need to decide that the world grows more frivolous.

Our actor managers are certainly doing more for us at present than anybody else. It would be a pleasure to go into the subject of *Beau Brummel, A Parisian Romance,* and *The Devil's Disciple,* but perhaps one of Mr. Mansfield's plays is enough to talk about. *Arms and the Man* offers an interesting contrast to *My Lady's Lord,* which has been running at the Empire Theatre. Both have a burlesque object. H. V. Esmond, the author

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of *My Lady's Lord,* although under thirty, has written at least two plays which have led thinking observers to expect more of him than of any playwright of his age in England or America. *Grierson's Way,* although it is too much like Ibsen in his narrower vein, has such unusual strength that the Carnegie Lyceum Independent Theatre managers could possibly have done far worse than to give us a chance to see it. In his attempt to burlesque melodrama, however, Mr. Esmond has hopelessly failed, and proved, I believe, that his gifts, distinguished as they are, are not in the direction of Gilbertian comedy. *Arms and the Man* is also a burlesque of the ordinary heroic. It is not consistent. If it were, it would not be by George Bernard Shaw. The way in which the heroine is converted on the sudden from one point of view to another, in the third act, is as weak as the similar change in the minister in *The Devil's Disciple.* In his dialogue, also, Mr. Shaw vibrates between genuine brilliancy and mere assertive independence. But, whatever his faults, he is a dramatist with character, and he stands out very markedly to-day. His burlesque of the heroic would be delightful if it were well played throughout. But, unfortunately, only Mr. Mansfield himself and two of the other characters seemed to realise that intellectual parody is not to be played like ten-cent farce. The morality of this piece is Shaw at his most diverting. He is actively and amusingly hostile to easy formulæ of goodness, with their obvious elements of hypocrisy and their equally obvious lack of utility in particular cases. Of course, it is true that it is a foolish thing to lie, sometimes; but it is an equally foolish thing not to lie at other times; and the least distinguished and dullest thing of all is to pride yourself at any time on never taking liberties with the truth. The heroic element, at which Mr. Shaw aims such mighty blows, survives, perhaps in spite of him. The old heroism of the melodrama and the dime novel is pretty well cut up; but the author substitutes the calm, half-cynical, strong character, and allows him to be self-sacrificing, an elegant swordsman, heir to a large property, and the object of the heroine's final affection. Really, Mr. Shaw, we ordinary human beings ask no more. This dream is as comforting as the other.

The last venture of the Independent Company, of which John Blair has been until recently the head, was so thoroughly a failure that those who remain in charge of the undertaking may learn the difference between a problem and a play. Singularly enough, after putting on a drama which had no justification except that it dealt with the intricacies of conjugal distress, they took away even the logic of the French by tacking on a happy ending. The only person who got much glory out of this performance was Miss Florence Kahn, whose promising work has been welcomed with an enthusiasm which shows how ready we are to encourage talent when we see it. Miss Kahn was unheard of a few weeks ago, and now she is so well known that if she fails it will not be for lack of opportunity. Miss Margaret Anglin has met the same public hospitality. Since her admirable work in *The Only Way,* in a small part, she has been made a member of the Empire Company, and will in all probability have important parts hereafter. Yet until last year we had never heard of her. To get back, however, to *Les Tenailles,* or *Ties,* as it was badly translated, it made one wonder what the real object of this company is. If it is simply to put on plays, good or bad, which happen to be analytic, we need not bother our heads enormously about its future. Its future in that case is assured. If, on the other hand, it aims to give plays of a high grade, of which the excellence is not popular enough in kind for the ordinary manager, it is all right to take part of these masterpieces from strange countries, although I strongly believe it would be a great mistake to leave out plays simply because they were written in our own tongue. *Grierson's Way* and *Margaret Fleming,* for instance, ought to receive at least an even chance with dramas of similar ability in Spanish or Norwegian. This particular play of *Les Tenailles* gave me feelings which are satisfied by the quotation, from memory, and therefore possibly inaccurate, of a stanza from James Jeffrey Roche:

> Oh, the ifness saddening,
> And the whichness maddening,

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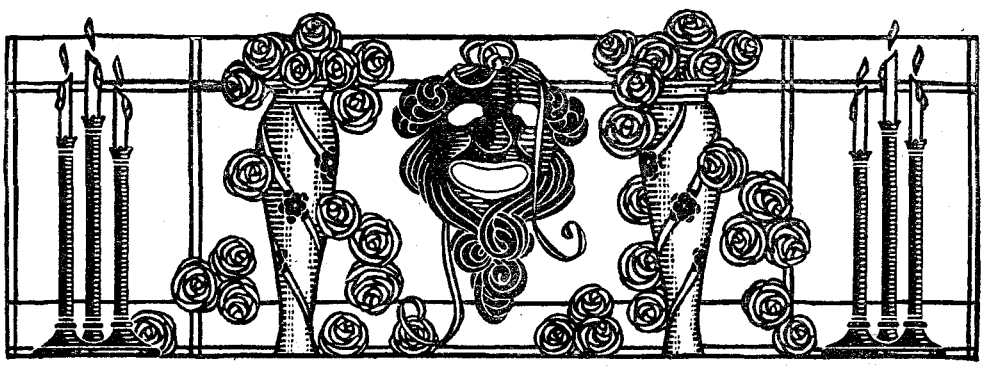
And the but ungladdening,
That lie behind,
When the inner token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind.

In *Wheels Within Wheels,* R. C. Carton's latest, now running at the Madison Square, we have another example of the artificial comedy of smart dialogue and sexual situations, which has considerable likeness to the spirit of the Restoration. It has a lot of clever lines in it, and if you are not a prude you will have a good time while you are there and carry away with you nothing that is worth removal. It is so well acted that it is pretty sure to be one of the successes of the season.

The Cowboy and the Lady, which has been seen for the first time in New York, shows Mr. Fitch working on a lower plane than *Beau Brummel, Nathan Hale* or *Barbara Frietchie,* and yet writing a thoroughly amusing play, which will kill vacant hours pleasantly for many unexacting human beings. Miss Minnie Dupree does two of the neatest bits of acting I have seen in some time. Nat Goodwin gets out of his part all there is in it, but he has already shown that he deserves larger opportunities.

Norman Hapgood.



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LITERARY PARIS

AN interesting session in the Académie Française on December 28 demonstrated that there were still some things of interest in the world besides the South African war, the trial of the French conspirators before the High Court of Justice, and the holiday trade. Henri Lavedan took his seat as the successor of Henri Meilhac, and after eulogising his predecessor had to listen to plenty of good advice given him by Marquis Costa de Beauregard. *Good* advice? I am not quite so sure of that. The noble Marquis, who is as little of a man of letters as is possible for an Academician, wants his young colleague to change his style, to change his subjects, to become a preacher of moral themes. I am afraid that such a change would deprive us of many a treat, and give us very little in exchange. Such as he is, Lavedan is one of the most amusing writers France now possesses; he managed to be amusing even in his academic speech, and were he to enter into such a new field as he is invited to, he might succeed in becoming as tedious and as little read as—the Marquis de Beauregard himself.

Another interesting reception is expected at the Academy, Paul Deschanel's, which is to take place on the 25th of January. The new Academician will be answered by Sully Prudhomme. I trust the poet will deal leniently with the fortunate young politician, whose career thus far has been so free from any serious disappointment. There were rumours that he was in danger of being ousted from the Presidency of the Chamber by Henri Brisson, whom he defeated about eighteen months ago only by a majority of one, instead of which he has just been re-elected by a majority of nearly one hundred votes.

Then the Academy is to find a successor for Victor Cherbuliez. It bids fair to be a hotly contested election, although François Coppée will have to deny himself the pleasure of canvassing the Academy for his friend Paul Déroulède, who has just received a sentence of banishment for ten years. The Academy is a State institution, and its traditions forbid its placing itself in determined opposition to the Government.

What the new year will give to literature it is as yet too early to say. Still, of one important event we can be now practically certain—namely, the performance of Edmond Rostand's new play. *L'Aiglon* has just been read by him to Sarah Bernhardt and her company, and if the public agrees with those who were present at the reading, *Cyrano's* success will be at least equalled. Gossip has it, however, that Sarah is not entirely pleased with the poet. She wanted a play entirely to herself, where her part (she is to impersonate Napoleon's son) would as completely overshadow the other ones as Coquelin's did in *Cyrano*. And it is said now that the principal character in the play is not the Duc de Reichstadt, but an imaginary old soldier, and that Rostand insists on having this part played by Coquelin. There is a business side connected with the affair. If Coquelin plays with her, Sarah's share of the profits will not be as great as if he does not. And then there is the *amour propre d'actrice*, which is as fierce, I understand, as the *amour propre d'auteur!* Anyhow, the matter will have to be settled promptly, as the play must be the chief attraction, the *clou*, as the Parisians say, of the theatrical season during the Exhibition.

Let us hope that the quarrel, if quarrel there be, will not have to be carried as far

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as the one that arose between Brunetière and Yves Guyot, the editor of *Le Siècle,* and which has just been settled by the courts in favour of Brunetière. It is a kind of epilogue of the Dreyfus case. Brunetière had had quite a controversy with Yves Guyot, who was one of the most ardent journalistic champions of the ex-captain; and Guyot, after printing Brunetière's letters in his paper, as he was by law compelled to do, had had them reprinted in book form, together with his own articles, and without troubling himself with asking for Brunetière's consent. He had chosen for the little book, moreover, a title which was not intended to soothe his antagonist's feelings—*Les Raisons de Basile.* Basile's reputation with the French public is about as good as Tartufe's, and no better. Brunetière might have sued for defamation of character; he preferred to complain simply of infringement of his property rights, and it is difficult to see how the court could fail to sustain his claim.

Another suit is soon to be settled in court, which also interests the cause of letters. Edmond de Goncourt's relatives, or, rather, some of them, are trying to have his will set aside. A compromise had been arrived at by them a few months ago with the executors. But Princess Mathilde, whose assent to the compromise was needed, refused to give it, on the ground that it was Goncourt's clearly expressed determination that his relatives should have no share whatever of his estate. So the contest is to take its course, and until it is decided it will be impossible to know whether the Goncourt Academy will exist or not.

In spite of the holiday fever a number of books have appeared of late which are of more permanent or literary value than mere holiday books. For those who seek mainly amusement I have to mention two volumes, one a novel by Alfred Capus, *Qui Perd Gagne,* the other a series of dialogues by Abel Hermant, *Le Char de l'Etat.* Of course there is a good deal more of serious purpose in the latter than in Capus's book, but it is a good companion for an idle hour, all the same.

The titles of two other books remind me of the difficulty for foreigners to remember the gender of French nouns. A Catholic priest, Abbé A. Mugnier, bethought himself that in spite of their religious enthusiasm J. K. Huysmans's last two volumes, *En Route* and *La Cathédrale,* contain a good deal of matter that is not calculated to promote asceticism; so he decided to separate the wheat from the chaff, and the result of his labours is a volume of extracts gathered under the title of *Pages Catholiques.* My readers will please remember that in that title the word *page* is feminine. Not so, as will be seen, is the title of Marcel Boullenger's delicate tale, *Le Page.* The book possesses literary merit, and the author seems to be a man with a future.

Among books of interest to the literary critic and historian two are especially to be noted. One is a doctor's thesis, by Abbé Bertrin, who found it necessary to devote a few hundred pages to a demonstration of Châteaubriand's religious sincerity. He had, of course, to defend his thesis on *La Sincérité Religieuse de Châteaubriand* before the professors of the Sorbonne. They granted him that Châteaubriand was a sincere, though not a very good Christian. Curiously enough, Châteaubriand's sincerity, just established on religious matters, is very strongly impeached now on very different ground by Professor Bédier, who demonstrates in the *Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France* that the great writer did not visit the western part of the United States and that he never interviewed Washington, both of which things he claimed to have done.

The other book I wished to mention has for its subject a Christian of a very different type from Châteaubriand's. It is Alfred Rébelliau's long-expected monograph on Bossuet in Hachette's *Série des Grands Ecrivains Français.* The series is rich already in excellent books, and this is one of the best.

Another excellent monograph is Georges Michel's *Léon Say.* I especially recommend it to those who are interested in the political history of the Third Republic. Léon Say's chief gift as a political orator and debater was clearness, and he seems to have communicated it to his biographer.

I already mentioned some of the holiday books last month. Here are a few more which may interest foreign as well as French readers: Alexandre Bérard publishes an excellent illustrated volume on *La Convention Nationale.* It deals in

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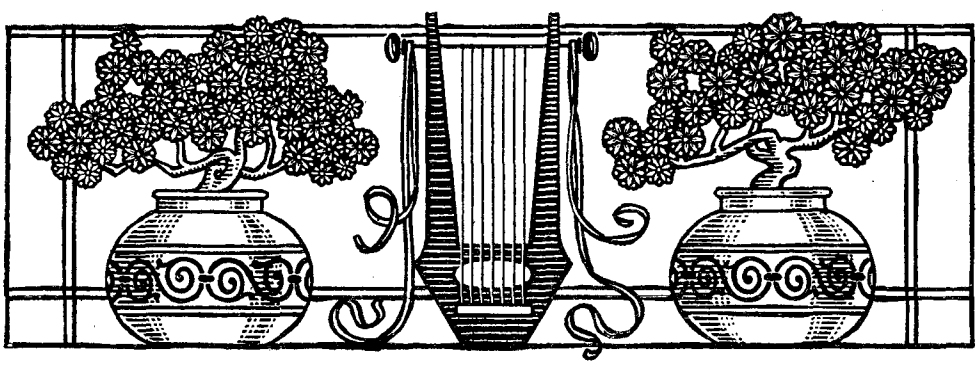
a broad and generous spirit with the most stirring period of the history of the French Revolution. Professor Corréard at the same time in his book, *La France à l'Epoque du Consulat,* gives us a good account of what France became when the revolutionary storm first seemed to have subsided.

To a new writer by the name of Quillardet we owe a very interesting book of travels and literary criticism on the Scandinavian peninsula, *Suédois et Norvégiens chez Eux.*

M. Louis Barron did not find it necessary to go out of France to discover something of a picturesque character, and writes about *Paris Pittoresque.* His book is a kind of history of Paris from 1800 to 1900.

The South African war had, of course, to bring forth its crop of books. Perhaps Édouard Lockroy's book, *La Défense Navale,* is only very remotely an outcome of the last events; not so with Edmond Demolin's last production. I need hardly tell you that he was repeatedly asked where was his "Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons," about which he wrote a few years ago. His answer is a stout pamphlet—*Boers et Anglais; où est le Droit?* His answer is in favour of England. So that, even in France, England shall have had at least one defender.

Adolphe Cohn.



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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Clement Scott. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. $8.00.

A book about the theatre is almost certain to be a book of anecdotes. Something of the old vagabond atmosphere still clings to the player's profession; the glamour of the unknown life behind the scenes must always have a potent pull on the imaginations of the uninitiate; and so it comes about that what the public most wants in its books about the stage is gossip. A good raconteurish volume about stage-folk, their loves and loyalties, their frailties and foibles, is sure to be a good seller. Even the cheapest hack-written literature of this kind will take, if it be gossipy enough. Of real criticism, on the other hand, of such serious study as is given to the other arts, there is an absolute dearth. Concerning the art of the dramatist, indeed, there is a certain amount of rather stiff and formal critical knowledge, and we have a few handbooks for budding playwrights which represent that rule-of-thumb stage of criticism through which the other arts passed for good and all in the eighteenth century. But concerning the art of the actor, criticism is in an even more primitive condition, and we must needs content ourselves for the present with the empirical likes and dislikes of men who are better qualified to judge than the general public only because of more constant attendance at the playhouse. One could not, I suppose, go daily to the opera and the symphony without in the end coming to have some sort of taste in music; but we demand of our musical critics, in addition to this, a knowledge of harmony and counterpoint and orchestration, of the general theory of music and of the technique of the voice and of the various instruments. No such demand is made of our dramatic critics. No such knowledge is within their reach. The fault is not theirs. The difficulty is that dramatic criticism is as yet an unborn science. The great actors must have known something of the principles of their art, but an artist's knowledge is apt to be of that sub-conscious kind which is expressed only in the work in which it is embedded; and so their knowledge dies with them. So really for the art of acting we are without criticism in the true sense of the word, and it is small wonder if our books on the stage degenerate into gossip and "literary" comment.

Of Clement Scott, if of any contemporary critic, we might expect more. There is no more eminent name among the dramatic critics of to-day. He has been to the English theatre what Sarcey has been to the French. He is so identified with the history of our stage for the last quarter of a century that it could not be adequately written without taking him into account. Those who agree with him and those who differ with him would alike be anxious to have from him a full account of his ideas about the drama, a clear defence of his æsthetic position. But for some reason this is what Mr. Scott has not chosen to give them.

There is little of real criticism in the book, and what there is is accidental in its introduction. All Mr. Scott's geese are swans, and, with that kindliness which is fortunately so common a quality among people connected with the theatre, he seems to be more concerned to have a good word to say for everybody than to take into account the difference, say, between a Mrs. Kendal and a Bernhardt. Perhaps it may be on account of a certain unpleasantness that arose of late between Mr. Scott and some members of the theatrical profession that he is unwilling in the present volumes to enter into anything approaching the nature of controversy. Still, without touching at all upon the questions involved in the unfortunate incident to which I refer, it would seem that it might have been possible for Mr. Scott to deal somewhat with the larger and more impersonal matters of criticism. He has not, and the result is a book which, while it has a decided value and interest of its own, is not exactly the book to have been expected of the leading dramatic critic of his generation.

It will always be valuable. It contains so much of historical interest, it records so many facts about the personalities of a great number of actors and actresses, eminent and not so eminent, that it will never cease to be a store-

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house of interesting information, and a delight to the confirmed playgoer. The story of Adelaide Neilson alone ought to draw readers—I had well-nigh said, pilgrims—in hundreds to the book.

Among the paragraphs in which Mr. Scott does deal with topics rather than personalities, the following, from his preface, is noteworthy:

> The Ibsen reaction, with its unloveliness, its want of faith, its hopeless, despairing creed, its worship of the ugly in art, its grim and repulsive reality, regret it as we will, is a solemn and resistless fact. At the outset some of us conscientiously and in the interests of the art we loved and had followed with such persistency tried to laugh it out of court. But the time came when the laugh was on the other side. I own it; I admit it.

It speaks much for the fairness of a critic that he should make so candid a confession as that with regard to a school of which he is the leading opponent. When he goes on to say: "These things cannot last. They are temporary, trivial and evasive," most people will be inclined to agree with him, but not wholly. "Trivial and evasive" Ibsen himself certainly is not, whether Pinero and others of his imitators be so or not; but "temporary" just as certainly the whole movement is. Already the still newer reaction is making its appearance. Maeterlinck, Yeats, Stephen Phillips, may not yet have won the dramatic battle; they may or may not be the coming masters of the theatre, but they exist, and they show that the drift of the newer, younger tendency is away from the ugly and toward the beautiful; away from the sordid and realistic and toward the poetical; away from the discussion of "problems" and toward the expression of the human heart. Rostand, at least, may be said to have arrived, and he is certainly no Ibsenite. Yes, Mr. Scott is right; Ibsenism will pass—is passing. Only it will not be succeeded by a return to Scribe and Sardou; no, nor to Tom Robertson; it will be succeeded by something new and different. The world never goes back, it goes on. As Kant overthrew the skepticism of Hume, not by returning to the positions Hume had demolished, but by pressing Hume's own methods of thought farther, until they destroyed themselves; as Monet brought in a new school of painting to succeed the realists, not by a return to the old academic ways, but by pushing realism itself to its logical conclusion; so the new drama that is to lead us out of the horrors of *Ghosts* and the dull vulgarity of *The Gay Lord Quex* must be not an attempt to infuse new life into the dry bones of outworn dramatic schools, but a pressure of the most modern methods themselves still further, till we re-create a beauty out of the truth as we see it to-day. Mr. Scott believes, and rightly, in "the human heart;" but to go backward means not to be human, but theatrical. There is something better to be done than to follow either Ibsen or Scribe.

Not the least important thing about the book is the revelation of the personality of its author—a personality frankly and delightfully egoistic, and so winsome, hearty and kindly as to make it seem impossible to be his enemy.

The volumes are very fully illustrated with the portraits of the prominent actors and actresses of the period they cover, a feature which adds greatly to their pleasure and value.

Richard Hovey.

HISTORIC SIDELIGHTS. By Howard Payson Arnold. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Historic Sidelights is an attempt at once to be learned in unimportant things and to be funny, and it succeeds in being partly dull and partly scandalous. It is a collection of gossip, anecdotes and curious learning, "gathered," to quote the publisher's notice, "from those out-of-the-way corners which historians proper for many reasons neglect."

Others besides historians proper might properly neglect, if not the material of this book, yet the over-emphasis given to dry-as-dust facts about such things as college degrees and to the discovery of small and vicious traits, to the exclusion of all else, in men of fame. These facts are gathered together according to the law of accidental association. The author seems to have inserted anything which happened to interest a mind loving scandal and research, particularly research into the scandalous, more than anything else, and to have put things simply in the order in which they occurred to him.

Benjamin Franklin is the general subject, but diplomas, the college of St. Andrews, the Scotch, the Georges, pork and beans, *E Pluribus Unum,* immorality at Oxford, Gibbon's ugliness and Ruskin's opinion of him, Adams, Moses, the story of Polly Baker, the *Gentleman's Magazine,* the American hog, a number of æsthetic observations on Greek sculpture roped in apropos of the Great Seal, receive disconnected attention.

The style, when it is not dryly expository, is heavily and for the most part unsuccessfully humorous, largely because of the author's insistence and his evident prejudices. It is true that many funny things and funny stories are told, but as one reads on the violence of the

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wit and the inevitable tendency to harp on the seamy detail and to rail at prejudices already well known as such, grow almost painful. Examples of bad taste are the arid and now conventional satire of the Bible and the effect of the Mosaic law on the Puritans, and the satire of prayer. The author handles these subjects as if he belonged to the more violently enlightened partisans of the last generation, and not to a time religiously made gentle toward prejudices which no longer bite. A fair example of the wit on this subject is:

He (Adams) would have been greatly shocked to learn that after all his exploitation of Moses, the presumed author of the Pentateuch—his own and his father's ark of salvation—was actually a vague and anonymous syndicate; and that our present perversion of the Psalms was a sacred "trust," and Isaiah a co-partnership; that Job was twins at least . . . that Joshua was certainly a quintette, while Jeremiah was triplets . . . and moreover was posthumous, traditional, anonymous and generally indefinite, which fact may have given his prophetic Lamentations a darker and more dismal tone.

The author adopts the same tone of heavily humorous bitterness toward the Jews, and devotes many pages to illustrating Franklin's habit of lying. He has hunted down Franklin's lies with the most minute research, and dwells on no other characteristic of the man. Incidentally he shows how almost everybody else of whom he happened to know anything was a liar, either in practice or theory. The description of Oxford's demoralisation is so lurid that, like almost everything else in the book, it fails to carry conviction. "A degree from such a source was simply a brand from the devil's workshop, stamped red-hot into the deluded recipients, who had to pay handsomely for the (dis) honour." Addicted to the weakness of strong phrases, the author quotes the following from Ruskin about Gibbon, whom, however, Mr. Arnold seems to appreciate at his real value, and of whom he gives an amusing physical portrait:

For the rest, Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid.

"The Gentleman's Magazine," says the author, "was a perfect cesspool of vile and unwholesome mediocrity," and yet, as he tells us in another place, he read every number of its first eighty years. He talks about the paper *ad nauseam,* drops it only to revert to it again. Incidentally he tells the story, or as much of it as is possible, of Polly Baker, of Franklin's lies in regard to it, of Cane's indecency as a journalist. There is so much personal gossip, indeed, throughout, that the book cannot fail to interest occasionally, but the emphasis is so much toward the vituperative or the unsavoury, sanity and the judicial spirit of the historian are so conspicuously absent, the humour is so long drawn out and yet violent, that the gratification of the reader's curiosity is bought at a high price. Especially so, since the other element of the book—its learning—is so ludicrously confined to the backstairs of history; as when the author shows that Franklin's degree was recorded in the Harvard catalogue "U.J.D.," instead of "J.U.D." "The alteration," he says, "was without sense or precedent," and when he embarks on a long discussion of the propriety of Harvard's conferring a degree on Franklin. Again, he traces the history of *E Pluribus Unum* as the motto of our great seal, and characteristically ends by condemning it. He tells from what an unworthy source it came, and concludes with a sentiment which shows his heavily emphatic style and misplaced seriousness:

But when we come to *E Pluribus Unum* as the symbolic badge of a mighty nation, what have we to offer? Is there any "large utterance" in that? Is there any suggestion of a great ideal, or of a national destiny that urges us from better up to best? Was any one ever stimulated to heroic deeds by this imperfect speaker? Did any one ever fight for this *nullius filius,* this bastard issue of dubious antecedents? Did any one ever die, or is any one ever likely to do so, with these words on his lips? Did any one ever derive aid or comfort from their stale and lifeless forms? To all these questions there is but one inevitable answer, and every citizen who has the best interests of our country at his heart must regret that our present motto was so unfortunately chosen, and is so utterly unfit for a great republic. Its sentiment is contradicted by the very eagle that bears it aloft in lurid triumph toward the eternal stars, the unworthy nucleus of a glory bestowed upon it merely by the force of inauspicious and irresponsible happenings.

A motto that should symbolise the "lurid triumph" of our eagle would please our author's heavy spirit; but there is nevertheless even now, and there was markedly at the beginning, a touch of simplicity and self-restraint in the American character.

Hutchins Hapgood.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

When the story from which this book takes its title appeared in the *Atlantic* some two years ago it made a distinct impression. The quality of the work was above the average, the thought and feeling were fresh. Altogether, the sketch, slight as it was, stood apart from the ephemeral magazine mass, creating a desire to read something else from the same pen and to learn something of the new writer so well introduced.

Nothing more came very soon, however, and only after several months had elapsed was it generally known that in telling the piteous little tale which had gone straight home to the public heart the author had spoken for his own race. It would seem at first as if this fact were —or ought to be—aside from the appreciation of his work, and yet, under existing conditions, it could not fail to produce its effect, nor, indeed, to increase the actual value of what Mr. Chesnutt has written.

It is true that two or three coloured writers, and one perhaps of pure negro blood, had already arisen to give incomplete expression to the negro's view of himself in his old life and his new life and in his relation to our country and its institutions. But while these utterances were novel and full of interest and importance—as going toward the understanding and the solution of a grave national problem—they were mostly superficial and fell far short of what they might have been for the enlightenment and the benefit of both the white and the black races. To Mr. Chesnutt, then, may perhaps be given the credit of the first publication of a subtle psychological study of the negro's spiritual nature, the first actual revelation of those secret depths of the dusky soul which no white writer might hope to approach through his own intuition.

The depth of the revelation—its width and completeness—are scarcely apparent at a glance, the little story is so short and so simply and quietly told. The author extenuates nothing. The man is drawn as he is—vain, conceited, puffed up over his small measure of success, thinking over-much of his white blood, and looking forward to an ambitious second marriage, without troubling himself as to whether the wife of his youth be living or dead. The woman also stands in full light, a mere withered atom of old plantation life—ignorant, bent and black—"so black that her toothless gums, revealed when she opened her mouth to speak, were not red, but blue"—with tufts of wool, instead of hair, protruding around her ancient bonnet. Such are the actors in the humble tragedy that Mr. Chesnutt has written, yet neither they nor their lowly environment ever touch the absurd or even the commonplace. There may be a smile at the sidelights of the quiet beginning, but the long shadow of slavery still stretches too far across the lives of the emancipated for the smile to last. From its very simplicity, its quiet, its reserve, comes the force of its great appeal.

All this and more may be said in praise of the first and the shortest of the nine stories forming the volume. The others are hardly worthy of mention in comparison with the first. The single partial exception is "Uncle Wellington's Wives," but even this is readable chiefly because of its kind, mellow humour and its photographic portrayal of a familiar type of the negro. As fiction it has little if any claim to consideration, and a graver fault than its lack of literary quality is its careless approach to the all but unapproachable ground of sentimental relations between the black race and the white race. Touching this and still more dangerous and darker race problems, Mr. Chesnutt shows a lamentable lack of tact of a kindred sort, an incomprehensible want of the good taste and dignified reserve which characterises his first beautiful story and the greater part of all his work. "The Sheriff's Children" furnishes, perhaps, the most shocking instance of his reckless disregard of matters respected by more experienced writers. In saying this there is no intention to deny the too probable truth of the untellable story, nor any wish to dispute its tragic importance

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as legitimate literary material. On the contrary, it is the recognition of that terrible truth and its mighty weight which cause the protest. Had the author recognised these things, it would seem that he must either have left them alone or have approached them more carefully, and with greater strenuousness; that he must have felt the need of laying hold of them with far surer, firmer, larger grasp, if he touched them at all. It may be, however, that Mr. Chesnutt earnestly tried to reach beyond his grasp, and failed.

Be that as it may, it is much to be regretted that he has not held to the themes well within his scope, where the surety and strength of his touch needs no better proof than the faithfulness and beauty of *The Wife of His Youth.*

Nancy Huston Banks.

DOMINION OF DREAMS. By Fiona Macleod. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

It is likely to be the fully matured novel which strikes a reverberant note in contemporary criticism, but now and again it is the collection of short stories. Such a collection in recent fiction is Miss Fiona Macleod's *Dominion of Dreams.* The worth of such a book to the average reader is in the immediate refreshment and absolute change of atmosphere which he can get by opening its pages anywhere. To the literary worker it has a deeper significance, and brings stimulus as well as change. Miss Macleod has identified herself first of all with the movement known as the Celtic Renascence. Her inspiration and material are drawn from the rich store of Gaelic myth and folklore. These tales are full of the haunting beauty of those Northern isles. We hear through them the sound of "the North wind as it blows against the stars," the skirling of the pipes, and the strange music of the Gaelic feadan.

The three stories of "The Achannas, Children of the Dark Sea," "Alasdair the Proud," and the "Amadan" have this peculiar haunting beauty most characteristically. There is the mysterious force of evil working its destructive way in Georm Achanna, the Child of the Dark Sea. In "Alasdair the Proud" the theme is the tragic overwhelming of a noble nature by madness; and in the "Amadan" it is the soothing of this madness by an "eolas" of healing. This last tale is a pure study of human compassion. The pathetic madness of Alasdair is soothed into health through the loving ministrations of the blind Alan Dal. Alasdair stammers his first words of returning sanity in response to a deed of loving-kindness. "It is an old saying," he begins, "it is—it is God—that builds the nest of the blind bird."

The "White Heron" comes, perhaps, the nearest to our comprehending sympathy in its homely human beauty. But for fine imaginative work "Wlad of the Dreams" must stand very high. It has the ancient, perennially fresh theme of heroic love. In such tales as "The Herdsman," "The Woman with the Net," and the "Epilogue," the vision sometimes grows nebulous. We would like to recall the dreamer to "land the solid and safe." Though

> we substitute, in a fashion,
> For Heaven—Poetry—

we like to keep "earth in sight." And in some of these last-mentioned tales it is difficult to know in what element we are supposed to be living. Do we float, swim or dream merely? There is an occasional unsoundness of thought even in the stronger stories. It is as if vital truth were swept over the resistless current of pure eloquence into the dominion of mere dream. Yet the appeal of the book is not in explicit reasoning or analysis, but in its sheer beauty as a work of art.

Gertrude Blake.

SOLDIER RIGDALE. HOW HE SAILED IN THE MAYFLOWER. AND HOW HE SERVED MILES STANDISH. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Miles Rigdale was a little lad of eleven years, "with straight back and sturdy limbs. His deeply tanned face was lightly sprinkled with brown freckles; . . . his blue eyes were very level and honest, and his tousled brown hair tumbled about his forehead in a way to make more women than his mother think him a bonny boy." And this bonny boy is the hero of Miss Dix's story, which is a delightfully written tale of the early history of our country. The author tells of the experiences of the first year in Plymouth. She writes touchingly of the hardships so stoically borne by the Puritan Fathers. Miles Rigdale's father and mother die just as the *Mayflower* lands in Plymouth, and his life with Master Hopkins, who flogs him almost daily, is not much like the life of our boys of to-day. His adventures with the Indians are exciting and make his soldierly little heart quake. His devotion to Miles Standish adds a quaint interest to the story, and when Miss Dix takes him from our sight his troubles are over. We are glad to see that the field of historical fiction is not monopolised entirely by the masculine pen, and that Miss Dix's second book is a worthy successor to *Hugh Gwyeth.*

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SAN ISIDRO. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. $1.25.

San Isidro is an island in the West Indies—a picturesque background for this romance. The story might have been called *Agueda,* for she is the tragic figure in the tale. She is "housekeeper" to Don Beltran, who owns a plantation at San Isidro, in love with Don Beltran and he with her. But the time comes when Don Beltran tires of her and makes love to his cousin Felisa. A great flood arises, and Don Beltran's home is swept away. In the boat that comes to the rescue of Don Beltran, Felisa and Agueda, there is but room for two, so Agueda gives up her life for the selfish woman and for the far more selfish man who has cruelly discarded her. At the last moment he calls to Agueda to save herself, but it is too late.

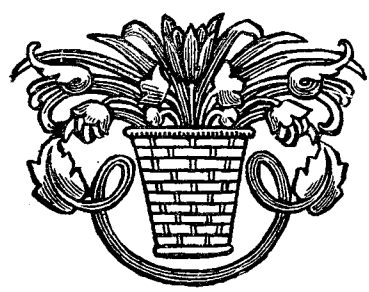
For in that flash of sudden and overwhelming remorse which is stronger than death, Beltran had seen that which he had not noticed before. . . . Felisa clung to him, threatening to upset the skiff. He thrust her from him. "Come!" again he shouted, "Come!" He stretched out his arms to Agueda, but as the words left his lips he was whirled from her presence.

In that supreme moment Beltran caught the motion of her lips. "My love!" they seemed to say, and still holding to the staple with one hand, she raised the other toward him, in good-by, perhaps—perhaps in blessing.

The other characters in the book seem remote from the interest which we feel for Agueda, and because of this the story seems inharmonious. We think the material could have been used to better advantage in a series of sketches.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DE WILLOUGHBY CLAIM. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Nothing that Mrs. Burnett has heretofore done shows the combined strength, beauty and power of the book now before us. The De Willoughbys, of Delisle County, Tennessee, were patricians, and before the war a rich and prosperous family. "Big Tom" De Willoughby, six feet five in height, was conceded by his family to be a dismal failure. He failed in society—he was too big and clumsy; he failed in the medical college—he was too soft-hearted to witness the horrors of such a life; and so, after a stormy interview with his hot-headed father, he left his home. When we learn to know and to admire him he is a country postmaster in a little village in the mountains of North Carolina. It is there that the tragedy of the story begins, for it is there that the young girl Margery dies, leaving behind her a fatherless child. The child is adopted by Big Tom, and when she grows to womanhood her idyllic love story is a vivid contrast to the tragic background of the opening chapters. She is a beautiful child of nature, with a "woodland smile" and the soul of a flower, and it is only to such a life that the ideal love can come. For it is too much knowledge and too much wisdom that mar the love of the modern world. But Mrs. Burnett touches very slightly upon the story of these Arcadian lovers. She has more serious matters to dwell upon. In the passages which tell of the suffering factory girl and of the clergymen—Baird and Latimer—she rises to a height never attained before. Latimer, Margery's brother, who has shielded his sister for twenty years, and who for as many years has given his friendship to Baird, finds at the end of that time that it is Baird who has been the cause of all the sin, the suffering and the shame. *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim* is a book full of human interest and human sin. It shows honesty of purpose and delicacy of style.



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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1900.

The holiday season of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine is past, and has undoubtedly proved to be the largest known in the history of the trade, for with few exceptions all reports as to sales are to the effect of material increase over previous years.

The most pronounced feature was the remarkable demand for the four volumes of fiction—*Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, David Harum* and *When Knighthood was in Flower*—which taxed the resources of their several publishers beyond their limit, so that at no time were they fully up to the orders. The same difficulty, which is always experienced at this time of year, occurred with a number of the other titles, where the demand was in excess of the expectations. Notably was this so with *Wild Animals I Have Known, Fisherman's Luck* and *Santa Claus's Partner*. All of these, issued by one firm, were at times temporarily out of print, thus attesting to their extreme popularity. *The Gentleman from Indiana, Bob, Son of Battle, The Market Place* and *Red Rock* were all in large demand in addition to the list noted below.

The two-volume sets were not so noticeable in the sales as heretofore, and the best of these —*Janice Meredith, Hugh Wynne, Their Silver Wedding Journey* and *England*, by Joel Cook—were only moderately sought for. *The Trail of a Sand-Hill Stag*, by Ernest Seton-Thompson, proved successful as something dainty in binding for gift purposes. *The Education of Mr. Pipp*, by Charles Dana Gibson, enjoyed the same demand as has been accorded to his previous books of drawings, and was the only one of several large table books to sell to any extent.

Juveniles as a class naturally were much sought after, and the new books of well-known authors in this field of literature sold readily. *Father Goose, his Book*, by L. Frank Baum, caught the popular fancy, and was among the leading sellers for the young.

Miscellaneous subjects of a substantial character were represented in the month's business by such works as *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* and *Pompeii: Its Life and Art*, by August Mau. There was also the customary demand for Bibles, mostly in the teachers' edition, prayer and hymnals and Peloubets' Select Notes on the International Sunday-School Lessons.

The December publications were naturally light, several belated holiday books and a number of additions to the now quite large collection of books on South African affairs being noticeable. Among the latter were *Briton and Boer*, by James Bryce and others, also a *History of the Transvaal*, by H. Rider Haggard.

Since Christmas sales in general have naturally been light as compared with the earlier weeks of the month, although a marked demand has continued for the more popular works of fiction. The excessive number of books issued during the fall has inevitably left upon the dealers' shelves a large list of remainders where purchases were liberal, so that numerous bargain sales and lists may be looked for in the near future. These will no doubt be taken advantage of by libraries, from which orders may now be expected as they receive their annual appropriations.

Announcements of new books for early publication are already being made, and a continuance of good business is looked for.

The best selling books of the month follow:

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. S. Thompson. $2.00.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.

Santa Claus's Partner. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. $1.25.

Riley Love Lyrics. By J. W. Riley. $1.25.

Fisherman's Luck. By H. Van Dyke. $2.00.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. $1.00.

Loveliness. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1900.

It will hardly be disputed that the year which has just closed was one of the most prosperous that the trade has experienced within recent times. Sales of the leading novels were phenomenal; so much so that it has become customary in advertisements of popular books to call attention to the thousands that have been printed. Ordinary books, also, of not quite the first rank, met with sales that would usually be considered exceptional.

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In fact, there were few works of any merit whatever that did not score signal successes so far as sales were concerned during 1899. Perhaps the chief feature of the year was the consistency of trade; most of the time it was at high-water mark, and at no time did it fall below the average.

Apart from the mercantile result of the year's business, it is very evident that it has been a year of development for literature generally, and that section of the reading public which represents book-readers has multiplied exceedingly.

Taking the entire sale as a criterion, the book of the year was decidedly *David Harum*, the sale of which ran into large numbers each month. Relative judgment, however, might put either *Richard Carvel* or *Janice Meredith* upon a plane with it, both of them having been before the public a much shorter time. It will be interesting to see which of the three will attain, in the end, the greatest measure of popularity. However that may be, the December sale of each of them was astonishing, and away beyond all expectations.

Among illustrated holiday books the leaders were *The Education of Mr. Pipp* and the two-volume edition of *Janice Meredith*, which last-named work, by the way, sold in a manner that quite justified the experiment of its publishers in putting it into holiday dress so early in its career. *The Silver Wedding Journey*, by W. D. Howells, was also a great favourite, as was also the illustrated edition of *Hugh Wynne* and the "Becky Sharp" edition of *Vanity Fair*. Apart, however, from these books, each of which possesses some special interest, and a few others which met with more moderate success, it could not be said that sales in this class of books were even satisfactory.

Juveniles met with a fair measure of success, most of the new books going well, with little, however, that could be called exceptional in their sales. The older favourites in this class were in as good demand as ever, especially the Alcott books, the Elsie series, the Marguerite Bouvet Juveniles, and other well-known books for the young.

A very brisk demand was encountered for *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by E. S. Thompson, more copies being sold probably during the month than during any similar period since the book was published. The same author's *Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag* was also fairly successful.

Books dealing with South Africa are still in lively demand, and two of the latest additions to the list—namely, *Briton and Boer* and Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within*—are going well.

In miscellaneous books Mrs. Latimer's last work, *Judea: From Cyrus to Titus*, had an excellent holiday sale, and so did *The Map of Life*, by H. Lecky, *Stevenson's Letters*, and *The United Kingdom*, by Goldwin Smith.

Red Pottage, by Mary Cholmondeley, seems very likely to repeat in this country its success in England, the demand for it having increased daily during the last two weeks.

The leading books of last month are indicated below, the order given being that of actual sale:

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

Santa Claus's Partner. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

Judea: From Cyrus to Titus. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer, $2.50.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By E. S. Thompson, $2.00.

The Dear Irish Girl. By Katherine Tynan. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

The Other Fellow. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By F. H. Burnett. $1.50.

Tales of an Old Château. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, November 20 to December 9, 1899.

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

At the first glance it might seem that there was little connection between them, but unfortunately this is not the case. There is a serious falling off in business, a very noticeable curtailment of orders. This is partly owing to the interest evinced in the war news contained in the daily and evening papers, leaving little time for more profitable reading, and partly to the fact that so many high families and others have been plunged into mourning by the sad losses, more especially among the officers, in South Africa. Even where this is not the case, the anxiety felt for the safety of those now serving in the front has completely set aside the question of book-buying—for the present, at any rate. Unfortunately, the bookseller's winter stock was bought and the bulk of it delivered before the declaration of hostilities, so that he had no means of reducing his purchases. In the export division the South African orders are suffering from the disturbed state of affairs, but the foreign and general colonial requirements are about as usual.

There is a small redeeming feature amid all this depression of business. It is that the war has created a literature of its own, which is much sought after. The leading work is Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within;* and *The Story of an African Farm*, Theal's *South Africa*, and Hendry's *Majuba* are in good demand. A number of smaller treatises and a few reprints are selling freely.

Although affected by the general decline, the six-shilling novel is still an important item of trade. *Red Pottage* is the favourite, *The*

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King's Mirror comes next, and others follow at a distance.

A peculiar feature of the present season is the falling off in the sales of children's books. One would think that they would be the last to suffer. The *Ugly Beast* book has had its day, but some really beautiful children's books are being passed over. The more popular writers for the young, such as G. Henty, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Yonge, receive due attention. A 3s. 6d. issue of Edna Lyall's novels has been well received, and the uniform edition of *Kipling* still sells satisfactorily, as also the same author's *Stalky and Co.*

The magazine world continues much as usual. The leading issues appear to be *The Woman at Home, Strand, Pearson's, Harper's, Harmsworth's,* and *Pall Mall,* other popular ones following them closely.

The appended list gives as usual the works in demand at present, but in no instance is the number sold so large as it might have been in more favourable times:

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)

The King's Mirror. By A. Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

Kipling's Works, Uniform Edition. 6s. each. (Macmillan.)

Stalky and Co. By Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)

A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

One Hour and the Next. By M. Sutherland. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Slave. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mammon and Co. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Orange Girl. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Stepmother. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (F. V. White.)

A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1899, and January 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. { The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50. / Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.50.
5. Historic Towns of Middle States. Powell. (Putnam.) $3.50.
6. My Study Fire. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Bandanna Ballads. Weeden. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
6. Education of Mr. Pipp. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
6. From Plotzk to Boston. Antin. (Clark Co.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Riley's Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. Young April. Castle. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Stevenson's Letters. (Scribner.) $5.00.
5. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Judea: From Cyrus to Titus. Latimer. (McClurg & Co.) $2.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. [illegible]anice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Honourable Peter Stirling. Ford. (International News Co.) Paper, 25 cents.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvell. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hugh Wynne. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $2.00.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $2.00.
2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Child Life in Colonial Days. Earle. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Other Fellow. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50; 2 v., $5.00.
4. Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 2 v., $4.00.
5. Education of Mr. Pipp. Gibson. (Russell.) $5.00.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The King's Mirror. Hope. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Mandalay. Kipling. (Doxey.) 75c.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Anon. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
6. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Impression Club. Carter. (Carter & Bros.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

*1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes & Co.) $3.00.
*3. Christmas in French Canada. Frechette. (Morang Co.) $2.00.
4. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Unicorn. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper.) $2.50.

*Canadian editions.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Santa Claus's Partner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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